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FAUST,

A Tragedy.

8714

BY

J. W. VON GOETHE.

TRANSLATED BY

CAPTAIN KNOX,

AUTHOR OF "THE RITTMEISTER'S BUDGET,"
"HARRY MOWBRAY," "DAY DREAMS,"
ETC. ETC.

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PREFACE.

I believe the proper and correct preface to a translation of Faust is a most ferocious onslaught upon all who have preceded the translator in the rugged path that leads from language to language, a practice apparently somewhat analogous to that of a gallant Irish regiment whose custom it was to prelude every dash with the bayonet with the characteristic war-cry of "Fagh a bealach!" (clear the way!) Believing, however, that there is room enough for us all on the above-mentioned road, I shall take leave to present my version of this drama to the public without the customary overture which seems to me somewhat discordant.

The difficulty of rendering Faust into English has been so fully acknowledged that the attempt has come to be looked upon as a sort of practical impudence—requiring some apology from the adventurous translator. I think the best apology is a confession of faith in the power of the English language; but I must

also admit some personal motives of my own, namely, that many years ago, during a residence at Weimar, it was my good fortune that some effusions of mine, printed for private circulation in an ephemeral publication called "Chaos," attracted the notice of Goethe, who did me the honour of having my portrait taken for his private collection, and I trust that a not unnatural anxiety to justify this preference may be considered a sufficient apology for the present attempt.

I may venture to say for myself, that I have spared neither time nor labour in this task, which I have looked upon more in the light of the transposing of a beautiful piece of music from one key to another, than as a mere affair of arranging words and syllables. I can safely affirm that I have slurred nothing; and whilst I have, as far as possible, avoided any circuitous paraphrase, I have in no case availed myself of the inglorious expedient of rendering a passage literally but unintelligibly, and then sheltering myself behind the dictionary. I have endeavoured to convey the sense of each passage as closely, as tersely, and as clearly as possible, and have freely employed notes to illustrate the text, in the hope that the extracts from

Milton, Bacon, and Shelley, will not be unacceptable either to the English or German reader, as shewing the identity of thought between great minds of the two nations.

If this attempt of mine should add a link, however imperfect, to the intellectual chain that connects the two great families of the Gothic race, I shall feel that, even though the effort should not be as successful as I could have wished, still I shall not have laboured altogether in vain.

CHARLES H. KNOX.

St. James' Place,
1846.

DEDICATION.

YE fleeting phantoms,* ye approach again!
As once my troubled gaze ye sought of yore,
Now shall I strive to clasp ye not in vain?
Still that illusion doth my heart adore?†
Closer ye draw! 'tis well, unchallenged reign,‡
As forth from mist and cloud towards me ye soar;
My bosom flutters youthfully again
At the witched atmosphere § that plays around your train.

In ye the forms of happier days I hail,
Amongst ye many much-loved shades upspring,
Like to an olden half-forgotten tale,‖
First love and friendship in your ranks ye bring,

* *Schwankende gestalten.*—Schwanken is to waver, a figure that flits before our eyes, so that we cannot fix it, is called a schwankende gestalt.

As empty clouds by rising winds are tossed,
Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost.—PRIOR.

† Faust was one of the earliest conceptions of Goethe, was, though intermittingly, the work of his whole life, and was finished not many weeks before that life terminated.

‡ *Walten* indicates uncontrolled power.

§ *Hauch* is the motion of the air, caused by breathing, as contradistinguished from *Athem*, animal breath.

‖ Literally like an ancient half-expired tradition.

The pain revives, and it recalls the wail
That moans life's labyrinthine wandering,
And names the friends that of their hours of light
By fate beguiled have vanished from my sight.

The following songs alas they cannot hear,
Those souls for whom I tuned my early lay,*
The friendly throng is scattered far and near,
The old responsive echo died away.
To crowds unknown I voice my sorrow drear,
Even their applause upon my heart doth weigh,
And those that in my songs rejoiced of yore,
And still survive, dispersed, wander the wide world o'er.

There seizes me a yearning long unknown,
That tranquil earnest spirit realm to know,
My faltering song in inarticulate tone,
Like an Eolian harp floats faint and low,
Emotion quells me, tear on tear flows on,
The hardened heart feels a new mildness glow,
All I possess seems distant to mine eyes,
And things long disappeared become realities.

* Many years elapsed between the commencement of Faust and its completion, towards the end of which period the dedication was composed.

ERRATA.

Page 3, line 5, *for* on, *read* o'er.
„ 57, „ 9, *for* unnerving, *read* unreviving.
„ 58, „ 3, *for* heart and heart, *read* head and heart.
„ 58, „ 12, *for* your, *read* thine.
„ 66, „ 2, *for* dusty, *read* lofty.
„ 66, „ 10, *for* overwrought, *read* o'erwrought.
„ 92, „ 15, *for* clogs, *read* cloys.
„ 95, „ 6, *read* upon the path.
„ 95, „ 9, *for* or, *read* for.
„ 101, „ 21, *for* and, *read* under.
„ 104, „ 7, *for* world, *read* word.
„ 107, „ 9, *for* to, *read* in.
„ 112, „ 3, *for* house, *read* hour.
„ 131, „ 4, *for* 'Ti, *read* 'Tis.
„ 132, „ 12, *for* the, *read* their.
„ 136, last line, *for* do, *read* doth.
„ 146, line 7, *for* head, *read* heart.
„ 153, „ 10, *for* gapé, *read* squeak.
„ 154, „ 11, *for* put, *read* just.
„ 197, „ 12, the following lines omitted:

Doth a witched atmosphere envelope me?
I pressed to this delight so eagerly.
In a wild dream of love how feel distraught,
Are we of every breath of air the sport?

„ 239, „ 7, *for* intention, *read* intuition.
„ 249, „ 9, *read* Includes—sustains he not.
„ 315, „ 13, *for* Devout Genius, *read* Ci devant Genius.
„ 329, „ 6, Margaret *flings herself beside him.*

INTRODUCTION IN THE THEATRE.*

MANAGER. STAGE POET. HUMOURIST.

MANAGER.

SAY, my two friends, who have failed not to stand
By me so often in trouble and need—
In the length and the breadth of old Germany's land,
Hope ye will our undertaking succeed ?
Pleasure I wish to the public to give,
For it acts on the maxim, to live and let live ;
The booth is prepared, and the stage is bedecked,
And all are determined a treat to expect.
In critical calmness, with eyebrows upraised,
They sit and desire to be hugely amazed.

* In Germany, the theatres are frequently the property of the sovereign or the state, and their organization more resembles that of the staff of a public office than with us, the appointments to many branches being permanent.

How to humour the taste of the people I know;
But I never before found myself puzzled so.
True, it may be that they have not been bred
To the best—but a terrible deal they have read.
How shall we manage, that all shall be new,
And such as both pleases and means something too?
For it gladdens my eyes to see the hot throng,
When the stream towards our booth sets in heavy and strong,
And before four o'clock—aye, by broad light of day,*
† With throe upon throe makes its turbulent way;

* In Germany, theatrical hours, as well as all others, are much earlier than in England. At Weimar, when the translator was there, the theatre began at six o'clock, and was over at nine, and probably that is the case now. One reason why theatricals are so much more flourishing on the continent than in England, is, that instead of interfering directly with the meals of the higher classes, as here, they fill up intervals between them, and the consequence is, a preponderance of cultivation and taste in the audience, to which the actor, to attain character in his profession, must *act up*, instead of as here, *acting down* to the audience, the overwhelming majority of whom, are very accurately described by the Manager, a few lines further on. It is to be remembered, that this is not supposed to take place in a regular theatre, but in the temporary theatre, or rather booth, of a strolling company.

† *Wehen* is not a verb, but a real substantive. *Geburtswehen* are the pains of labour.

Scrambling and elbowing, through the choked wicket,
Our portal of heaven, to where sits the cash taker;
Risking their necks for the chance of a ticket,
Like a famishing mob at the door of a baker.
On such manifold minds, such miraculous sway,
Is the Poet's alone! My dear friend, oh, exert it to-day.

STAGE POET.

Oh! speak not to me of the mob; at the sight
Of the great Many-headed, the spirit takes flight.
Veil from me the billowy thronging that still
Drags us down to its whirlpool in spite of our will.
Oh! to heavenly retirement bear me apart,
Where alone for the bard true enjoyment can flourish;
Where friendship and love join the bliss of the heart,
With the hand of a god to create and to nourish.

In the depths of our bosoms, how many a thought,
Through the faltering lips climbing faintly to-day,
Now eluding our grasp, now exultingly caught,
Is devoured by the moment's tumultuous sway.
Long, long years of struggling are often decreed,
Before at its perfected form it arrives:
In the present, what glitters will often succeed;
For posterity, only the sterling survives.

HUMOURIST.

I wish of posterity less I might hear;
If I were to talk of posterity, who
Would make for the present the fun and the cheer
That the present requires—and, what's more, will have too.
The presence, besides, of a spirited lad,*
Is something methinks well worth being had,
Who imparts what he has in a manner to please,
And will not take huff at the people's caprice.
The wider his circle, the better he likes it,
For he's sure to awaken more chords when he strikes it;
Now set to like a man—shew a brilliant example,
In each of her keys give of Fancy a sample.
Understanding and reason,† let feeling abound,
And passion, but mark! Folly's voice in the chorus must sound.

* Meaning himself.

† *Vernunft* reason; *Verstand* understanding. *Kant* divides intellect into understanding and reason. The understanding, acting upon experience, merely compares, judges and measures its representations, and is conversant solely with their mutual limits and relations, classifying them according to certain schemes of its own, which are called categories. While, how-

MANAGER.

Above all things let plenty of action arise,
They come but to see, to be pleased through the eyes ;
When a long line of incidents off you have spun,
At your work, that the many may stare in amaze,
You've the bulk of the multitude's suffrages won,
And the popular favour your labour repays.
For by masses alone you the masses can stir,
Each looks out for what he himself may prefer,
And he who brings much will bring something that pleases
All palates, and sends them contented away ;
When you give them a piece, at once give it in pieces,
With such a ragout you will sure make your way ;
'Tis as easy to serve up as 'tis to invent.
What use is it ever a whole to present,
When it still by the public in fragments is rent ?

POET.

Ye feel not how such a mere job must degrade,
How little befits it, art's true-hearted child,
Affectation so blundering, such mere tricks of trade,
Among you I observe, indeed, maxims are styled.

ever, the understanding is thus limited, the activity of the reason is unbounded, and, as the principle of principles, it is the base and verification of every special principle and reason.

MANAGER.

A reproach such as that does not hurt me at all;
Who would turn out his work as a true workman should,
Must stick to the tools that are fittest of all*
For his job. Yours, remember, is splitting soft wood.†
And for whom are you labouring? only just think.
This one comes, by ennui to the theatre driven;
And that one, o'erloaded with meat and with drink,
Fresh from table; and what is more horrible even,
Full many a one comes from reading the papers.
As if to a masque in confusion they press;
Curiosity wings every step of the gapers,
The ladies themselves, all the sheen of their dress
Throw into the bargain as part of the play,
And act in our company all without pay.
What dream is it, round your Parnassus that glows,
What gladdens your heart when the house overflows?
The half is indifferent—debauched is the rest.

* "To endeavour to work on the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to saw blocks with a razor."—POPE.

† Alluding to the splitting of wood for firewood, an important branch of the every-day business of life in Germany.

This man, when the theatre's o'er, is intent
On a rubber; that thinks of a rapturous night
On the breast of a girl; why, unwise ones, torment
The sweet muses, such audience as this to delight?
To give more, and still more, be your efforts addressed;
Do this, and your object you never can miss.
With mankind only seek to bewilder each brain;
To content them is not half so easy as this.
Well! what ails you now—is it pleasure or pain?

POET.

Away, a more flexible minister find;
Shall the poet indeed, your behest to obey,
The loftiest right nature grants to mankind—
The right of humanity, squander away?*
How avails he all hearts to his accents to bind?
O'er all elements whence is his conquering sway?

* "We owe the great writers of the golden age of our literature, to that fervid awakening of the public mind, which shook to dust the oldest and most oppressive form of the Christian religion. We owe Milton to the progress and development of the same spirit. The sacred Milton was, let it ever be remembered, a republican, and a bold inquirer into morals and religion. The great writers of our own age are, we have reason to suppose, the companions and forerunners of some

Is it not that his spirit, in loving accord,
Finds in every breast an harmonious chord,*
And clasps all the world to his bosom entwined?
From the spindle when Nature her thread never ending,
Winds off with a hand that hath waited to none;
When the crowd of all Beings discordantly blending,
Jangling harsh, into vexed intertanglement run;†

unimagined change in our social condition, or the opinions which cement it. The cloud of mind is discharging its collected lightning, and the equilibrium between institutions and opinions is now restoring, or about to be restored."—SHELLEY.

* "Poetical abstractions are beautiful and new, not because the portions of which they are composed have no previous existence in the mind of man or in nature, but because the whole produced by their combination has some intelligible and beautiful analogy with those sources of emotion and thought, and with the contemporary condition of them."—SHELLEY.

† "Therefore, because the acts and events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfies the mind of man, poesy feigneth acts and events greater and more heroical. Because true history propoundeth the sacrifices and issues of actions, not so agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice, therefore poesy feigns them more just in retribution, and more according to revealed providence. Because true history representeth actions and events more ordinary and less interchanged, therefore poesy endueth them with more rareness, and more unexpected and alternative variations; so it appeareth that poetry serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality and delectation; and

Who can marshal the ranks, streaming wild in disunion,
And the life of a rhythmical progress inspire?
Who can summon the Lone to the general communion,
Till exquisite symphony thrills through the choir?
Who passion invests with the hurricane's wing,
And steeps earnest minds in the sunset's mild glow?
Who all the most delicate blossoms of spring,
O'er the path of the loved one rejoices to throw?
Who from the green chaplet of meaningless leaves,
For desert of all natures a coronet weaves?
Who Olympus assures? who with gods can unite?*—
'Tis the Poet, revealing man's soul in its might.†

therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it does raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind; whereas reason does buckle and bow the mind to the nature of things."—LORD BACON.

* Can raise his mind to a loftiness of tone, such as belongs to gods.

† So, when remote futurity is brought,
Before the keen inquiry of his thought,
A terrible sagacity informs
The poet's heart,—he looks for distant storms:

HUMOURIST.

These magnificent powers, I prithee, then use,
And onwards your business of poetry carry,
Just as an affair of the heart one pursues ;
By chance you first meet, you are smitten, you tarry ;
By and by are insensibly caught in the snare.
Lovers' bliss, lovers' quarrels, your spirit entrance ;
You are charmed, you are pained, and ere you are aware,
The story grows into a little romance.

He hears the thunder, ere the tempest lowers ;
And, armed with strength surpassing human powers,
Seizes events as yet unknown to man,
And darts his soul into the dawning plan.
Hence, in a Roman mouth, the graceful name
Of Prophet and of Poet was the same ;
Hence British poets, too, the priesthood shared,
And every hallowed Druid was a bard."

COWPER.

" Poets are the Hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration, the mirrors of the gigantic shadows, which futurity casts upon the present, the words which express what they understand not, the trumpets which sing to battle, and feel not what they inspire, the influence which is moved not, but moves. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

SHELLEY.

Such a true spectacle now let us give ;
Let us grasp the whole life of mankind that they live.
That man lives so, for instance,—how, nobody knows,
But when you represent it the interest soon grows.
A many-hued picture, with clearness to brighten it,
Much error, some sparkles of truth to enlighten it,
For your audience this is the best potion to brew,
That refreshes the world, and edifies too.
Round your play then our youth's fairest flowers assembling,
Will listen entranced to its longed-for revealing,
And each tender soul in its ecstacy trembling,
Will find what will nourish its mournful feeling.
First this one is moved, then another affected,
Each sees what he bears in his heart unsuspected :
To laugh or to weep alike ready are they,
They honour what soars, by what glitters are caught ;
On the old finished worldling* is toil thrown away,
'Tis youth undeveloped is grateful for aught.

POET.

Oh, then give me the times of my youth back again,
When, as yet undeveloped, my passionate soul
In a still gushing fountain of strain upon strain
Its fulness would upwards unceasingly roll ;

* *Fertig*, accomplished, completed.

When the world in a mist from my eye was concealed,
And each blossom its promise of glory revealed,
And the thousand bright flowers I plucked in delight,
That filled every valley with love and with light:
I had nought yet enough,—I had thirst for the real,
Yet a trembling delight in the glowing ideal.
Oh, each headlong impulse unfettered restore,
The ecstacy rendered still deeper by pain,
Hate's strength, love's omnipotence, give me once more,
Give me, oh, give me my youth back again.

HUMOURIST.

As for youth, my good friend, its want you may find,
When in the hot battle your enemy presses,
Or when on your neck, with her white arms entwined,
Hangs the fairest of maids with her loving caresses;
Or when from the goal, yet far distant, a glance
Of the prize of the difficult course meets your sight;
Or after the maddening whirl of the dance
One carouses away through the turbulent night;
But with sweetest expression, with spirit and soul
The familiar strings of the harp to awake,
And gracefully on to your self-chosen goal
Your way on through attractive meanderings to make:

Such, old friend, is the duty you have to fulfil,
And not less for that will we honour you still.
'Age *makes* us not children, as somebody teaches us,
True children it *finds* us whenever it reaches us.

MANAGER.

Come, enough and to spare of this word interchanging;
I must beg that at last you some deeds will produce:
For whilst you these compliments have been exchanging,
You might have been busy with something of use.
What signifies talk of the right mood* so long?
She appears not to him who inactive will stand;
Only give yourselves out for the children of song
Of the ranks then of poetry take the command.
Ye know very well what a drink we would sip,
Right strong be the potion ye hold to our lip:
Now to brew such a drink; go unflinchingly on;
What you do not to-day is to-morrow undone.
Never squander a day; resolution should clasp
Opportunity boldly, before it is gone,
By the forelock, nor let it escape from its grasp.
And so from necessity still it works on,

* *Stimmung*; tune, mood, humour.

You know, in our German theatricals ever,
Each tries every plan that comes into his mind;
So spare not to-day in your earnest endeavour.
Machinery, scenery, aught you can find,
The lights, both the greater and lesser, of heaven
Are at your disposal, the stars at your call;
Fire, water, and rocks, in profusion are given,
And the birds and the beasts and the fishes and all.
Come, in this narrow booth be your powers applied,
The circle of all the creation display.
Now on, swiftly but still circumspectively glide,
From Heaven to Hell, taking Earth in your way.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

THE LORD.

THE HEAVENLY HOST—*afterwards* MEPHISTOPHELES.

The three Archangels advance.

RAPHAEL.

IN choral emulation blending*
With brother spheres, the sun hath chimed
As erst, his course fore-ordered ending,
In stately step, to thunder timed.

* From the earliest ages there has been a remarkable tendency in the mind of man, to connect rhythmical harmony with the motions of the heavenly bodies. In the sacred writings we find music distinctly alluded to as coeval with creation.

"4. Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding.

"5. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it?

His aspect gives the angels might—
Though none to fathom him have power;
The works, above thought's loftiest flight,
Are glorious as in time's first hour.

"6. Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner-stone thereof;

"7. When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?"—*Job* 38.

Founded upon this is the passage in Milton's Hymn to the Nativity, which has so often been compared with this chorus:

"At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed;
The helmed cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping, in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new born Heir.
Such music as 'tis said
Never before was made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung:
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.
Ring out ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ear,

GABRIEL.

And swift beyond conception's range,
Wheels round and round Earth's gorgeousness;

If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime,
More in melodious time;
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full consort with the angelic symphony."

Among the Heathens, we find Apollo alike the god of the sun and music, the seven strings of his lyre typifying the seven planets (counting the moon as one); and the Greek mythology was derived from the Egyptian, which probably goes back to the earliest distortion of the truth as known to Noah, and his immediate descendants.

Milton has a fine passage to the same effect—

"That day, as other solemn days, they spent
In song and dance about the sacred hill;
Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere,
Of planets and of fixed, in all her wheels,
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate.
Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular
The most when most irregular they seem;
And in their motions harmony divine
So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Listens delighted."

Nor is it to be supposed that so beautiful an association escaped such a mind as Shelley's.

Celestial light to interchange
With deep night's awful solemnness.

Panthea.—" 'Tis the deep music of the rolling world,
Kindling within the strings of the waved air ;
Æolian modulations.

Ione.—Listen too,
How every pause is filled with undertones,
Clear, silver, icy-keen awakening tones,
That pierce the sense, and live within the soul,
As the sharp stars pierce winter's crystal air,
And gaze upon themselves within the sea."

But Dryden soars yet higher, nearer perhaps to the truth than he himself was aware—

" From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began,
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not raise her head,
The tuneful voice was heard on high,
Arise ye, more than dead ;
Then Hot and Cold, and Moist and Dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began ;
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran—
The diapason closing full in man."

Torrents of foam the sea uprears,
Against the rock's deep roots to hurl ;*

It is strange that a mysterious instinct, implanted in the human breast, should, from the earliest times, have impelled the loftiest of human minds to associate the idea of audible harmony with the midnight heaven, an object which seems of all others, a gigantic embodiment of silence ; but it is stranger still, that the researches of modern science appear on the point of establishing that what seemed a stately but baseless dream of the poet-world, is in reality the foreshadowing of the revelation of a pervading law of nature, and of connecting Harmony, through *vibration*, with the most important principles with which we are acquainted—what may be called the great driving powers of the universe—light, heat, electricity, magnetism, galvanism, nervous action, and possibly something more.

* "*Agitation with water* turns out to be another of these restoratives. The foulest air, shaken in a bottle with water for a sufficient length of time, recovers a great degree of its purity. Here then again, allowing for the scale upon which nature works, we see the salutary effects of storms and tempests. The yeasty waves, which confound the Heaven and the sea, are doing the very thing which was done in the bottle. Nothing can be of greater importance to the living creation than the salubrity of their atmosphere. It ought to reconcile us therefore to those agitations of the elements, of which we sometimes deplore the consequences, to know that they tend powerfully to restore to the air that purity, which so many causes are constantly impairing."—*Paley's Natural Theology.*

And rock and sea the pauseless spheres,
In endless swiftness onwards whirl.*

MICHAEL.

And each the other storms outstorm,†
From sea to land, from land to sea;

* "Another thing in the element, not less to be admired, is the constant round which it travels, and by which, without suffering adulteration or waste, it is continually offering itself to the wants of the habitable globe. From the sea are exhaled those vapours which form the clouds. These clouds descend in showers, which, penetrating into the crevices of the hills, supply springs; which springs flow in little streams into the valleys, and there uniting, become rivers; which rivers, in return feed the ocean: so there is an incessant circulation of the same fluid, and not one drop probably more or less now than there was at the creation."—*Paley's Natural Theology.*

Paley, however, seems strangely to overlook the agency of capillary attraction in the formation of springs and the circulation of water.

† "Throughout these infinite orbs of mingling light,
Of which yon earth is one, is wide diffused
A spirit of activity and life,
That knows no term, cessation, or decay,
* * * *
But active, steadfast and eternal still,

Round all, a chain enfrenzied form
  Of deep pervading energy.
The wasting levin flames before
  The path on which the thunders play;

Guides the fierce whirlwind, in the tempest roars,
Cheers in the day, breathes in the balmy groves,
Strengthens in health, and poisons in disease;
And in the storm of change that ceaselessly
Rolls round the eternal universe, and shakes
Its undecaying battlements, presides,
Apportioning, with irresistible law,
The space each spring of its machine shall fill:
So that when waves on waves tumultuous heap
Confusion to the clouds, and fiercely driven;
Heaven's lightnings scorch the uprooted ocean fords,
Whilst to the eye of shipwrecked mariner
All seems unlinked contingency and chance;
No atom of this turbulence fulfills
A vague and unnecessitated task,
Or acts but as it must and ought to act."

SHELLEY.

* * * "What, but God,
Inspiring God, who boundless spirit all,
And unremitting energy pervades
Adjusts, sustains, and animates the whole."

THOMSON.

But still thine angels,* Lord adore,
†Thy day that sweetly glides away.‡

* *Boten* signifies a messenger, or ambassador, and corresponds to the Greek *Aggelos*, Lat. *Angelus*.

"Angel is understood to be properly a name of office, not referring to the nature of the person employed, but to his agency; and it may be said perhaps with little risk, that if the word messenger, envoy, or delegate, be mentally substituted by the reader for angel, when the title occurs, the passage would lose nothing by the change."—*Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible.*

It may be remarked, that the early bishops were termed the 'Angels' of their respective churches, and that the term minister, to this day, means indifferently an envoy or a pastor.

† *Wandeln*, signifies progress without much exertion, lounging.

‡ A strictly literal translation of this exquisite, but alas unapproachable chorus, may possibly be acceptable to the reader:—

RAPHAEL.

The sun, after the olden manner, chimes into the emulous chaunt of the brother spheres, and his forewritten journey, he completes with a gait of thunder. His aspect gives strength to the angels, even if no one is able to fathom him. The inconceivably lofty works are glorious as on the first day.

GABRIEL.

And swift, inconceivably swift, the gorgeousness of the earth wheels itself round and round; it alternates the brightness of Paradise with deep awful night. The sea foams up in broad streams to the deep foundation of the rocks, and rock and sea are hurried away in the eternal swift course of the spheres.

THE THREE IN CHORUS.

Strength from the sight the angels gain,
Whilst none to fathom Thee have power,

MICHAEL.

And storms are boisterous in their rivalry from sea to land, from land to sea, and raging form round about everything a chain of the deepest working. There a flashing desolation flames before the path of the thunderbolt, but still thy messengers, Lord, adore the sweet gliding away of thy day.

THE THREE IN CHORUS.

The sight gives strength to the angels, whilst no one can fathom thee, and all thy lofty works are glorious as on the first day.

The completion of his fore-ordained journey by the sun, does not seem to me to mean the daily sunset, a signification which would poetically degrade the sun by making it subordinate to the earth, besides being astronomically incorrect, but to that gigantic progression known to exist, though by us dimly traced, and as yet unmeted, which the sun makes through space. Day and night fill the third and fourth lines of the second stanza. Raphael does not represent the sun as striking into the chorus of the *bodies which revolve round him*, but of the BROTHER SPHERES, *i.e.* other suns, so called fixed stars, but whose real condition is set forth by Humboldt in his Kosmos as follows :—

"The view of the heaven inlaid with stars, the relative position of the stars and nebulous spots, as also the distribution of these luminous masses, the charms of the landscape, if I may here make use of the expression, presented by the firmament at large, will depend, in the course of milleniums relatively on the proper actual motions of the stars and nebulæ, on the

And all thy lofty works remain,
As glorious as in time's first hour.

translation of our solar system in space, on the bursting out of new stars, and on the disappearance or sudden diminution in intensity of light in old stars. . . . . These statements seem to bring sensibly before us the vastness of the motions which in infinitely small divisions of time, go on incessantly like an eternal clock—the time-piece of the universe. If we imagine, as in a vision of the fancy, the acuteness of our senses preternaturally sharpened even to the extreme limit of telescopic vision, and incidents compressed into a day or an hour, which are separated by vast intervals of time, everything like rest in spacial existence will forthwith disappear. We shall find the innumerable host of fixed stars, commoved in groups in different directions; nebulæ drawing hither and thither, like cosmic clouds; the milky way breaking up in particular parts, and its veil rent: motion in every point of the vault of heaven, as on the surface of the earth in the germinating, leaf-pushing, flower-unfolding organums of its vegetable covering. . . . In the aggregate life of nature, organic as well as sidereal, Being, Maintaining and Becoming, are alike associated with motion."

The first stanza I understand to relate to the sun as a glorious part of the universal whole.

The second, to the earth as a part of the solar system, obeying the laws of which the sun is the centre.

The third, to the earth as an integral body, under the influence of laws peculiar to itself.

The chorus, as drawing the whole system of the universe into the Deity.

MEPHISTOPHELES.*

Since Thou, O Lord, dost condescend once more
To ask how we are getting on below,
And aye hast seen me willingly before,
Amongst thy servants now my face I shew.

* It seems to me that the personal character of Mephistopheles (literally, a lover of dirt) or the branch of the principle of evil which he represents, is the perversion of the divine principle of Love, as embodied in the Belial of Milton, and the classical Cupido, the son of Nox and Erebus, distinguished for his debauchery and riotous disposition from the true Love, the son of Jupiter and Venus. (The reader is referred to the account which Mephistopheles gives of his own origin when questioned by Faust upon his appearing as a travelling scholar in the study.) The following is the passage in Milton to which I allude:—

Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood
Or altar smoked, yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled
With lust and violence the house of God.
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage: and when night
Darkens the streets then wander forth the sons

Fine words are not my forte, excuse my style,
Even though this scornful circle vote it low.
My pathos certainly would make THEE smile,
Hadst THOU not left off laughing long ago.

Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah. PARADISE LOST.

Belial is also represented as alone joining Satan in scoffing at the effects of the artillery of hell upon the ranks of heaven :—

To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood,
" Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urged home :"

and in " Paradise Regained" there is a remarkable similitude between the advice he gives as to the course to be pursued in the temptation of the Saviour, and that actually pursued by Mephistopheles in the temptation of Faust :—

Belial, the dissolutest spirit that fell,
The sensualest, and after Asmodai
The fleshliest incubus, and thus advised :
" Set women in his eye and in his walk
Among the daughters of men the fairest found,
Many are in each region passing fair
As the noon sky, more like to goddesses
Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues,
Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild,
And sweet allayed, yet terrible to approach,

About the sun and world I have no skill
To hold forth, all indeed I ever see
Is man, himself tormenting constantly.
The little godling of the world is still

> Skilled to retire, and in retiring draw
> Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets ;
> Such object hath the power to soften and tame
> Severest temper, smooth the ruggedst brow,
> Ennerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
> Draw out with credulous desire and lead
> At will the manliest, resolutest breast,
> As the magnetic hardest iron draws :
> Women, when nothing else beguiled the heart
> Of wisest Solomon, and made him build
> And made him bow to the gods of his wives.

Whereupon Satan turns sharp upon his counsellor, and unhesitatingly saddles him with all the irregularities of the heathen mythology :—

> Have we not seen or by relation heard,
> In courts and regal chambers how thou lurkest,
> In grove or wood, by mossy fountain side,
> In valley or green meadow to waylay
> Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
> Daphne, and Semele, Antiopa
> Or Anymone, Syrinx, many more
> Too long, then layest thy 'scapes on names adored,
> Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, and Pan,
> Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan.

Struck from the selfsame die, and without change
Remains as since his first creation, strange:
A better life he'd lead hadst thou not given
Him a faint glimmering of the light of heaven:
He calls it reason, yet doth it apply
To beat the beasts in bestiality.
Saving your presence, he seems to me
Like a long-legged grasshopper only to be,
That ever is hopping and flying along,
And chirrupping down in the grass its old song;
And would in the grass he might ever repose,
For in each bit of dirt he will bury his nose.

"He hath cast off all obedience to God, and likewise called Belial, which is an Hebrew word and signifies one that is good for nothing, a libertine, one that is extremely wicked. The most subtle of these spirits contrived a temptation which might be most taking and dangerous to man in his exalted and happy state. He attempts him with art, by propounding the lure of knowledge and pleasure to inveigle the spiritual and sensitive. He first allured with the hopes of impunity, YE SHALL NOT DIE. He then promised an universal knowledge of good and evil."—*Cruden's Concordance*, (*Devil*).

The character of libertinism Mephistopheles supports to the end, even in his address to the angels who are carrying Faust's soul to heaven. He however fails in inspiring it in Faust, in whom, though disfigured by weaknesses and vices, the loftier principle of love predominates to the last, when he places the highest happiness in beneficence.

THE LORD.

Hast thou no more to say, comest thou ever
With some complaint? will the Earth please thee never?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, Lord, for as from the beginning I find
The Earth to this day a creation of evils,
In their days of deep sorrow I feel for mankind,
Even I have not heart to torment the poor devils.

THE LORD.

Dost thou know Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You mean the Doctor?

THE LORD.

Yea,
My servant.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faith, he's a peculiar way
Of serving you, the idiot does not think
Aught good enough to be his meat and drink;
He's half aware though that his senses stray.

Thoughts that upbursting in his soul ferment,
Whirl him away into the infinite,
The loveliest star that gems the firmament,
And all the earth's most exquisite delight
He asks from each, yet never cometh rest
From near or far to his unquiet breast.

THE LORD.

Though now he serves me in perplexity,
Soon will I lead him where all things are clear;
The gardener knows when green buds deck the tree
That flowers and fruit will grace the coming year.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What will you wager that you shall lose him now,
To tempt him my way me if you allow.

THE LORD.

'Tis thine whilst yet he draws the breath of life,
To tempt him as thou listest; 'tis the lot
Of man to err whilst lasts his earthly strife.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I thank thee kindly, for the dead are not
Much to my taste, I like far more
Life's plump fresh cheeks, and shut my door

Against a corpse; Grimalkin's play
With a caught mouse is more my way.

THE LORD.

Enough, it is allowed thee, draw this soul*
Forth from its deepest spring and bear him down.
If thou canst grasp him with thee on thy path,
And stand rebuked when that thou must confess
An upright man, even in his dark distress,
Still knoweth well the way that he should go.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Done. That it will not be tedious, I trust;
About losing the match I'm in no tribulation,
And when I have won it, remember you must
Allow me to triumph in full exultation.
By my faith he shall greedily lick up the dust,
Like the serpent of old, my much honoured relation.

THE LORD.

So be it. In that also have thy will:

* *Ab ziehen* here I understand to signify to draw out (as used colloquially, *vulgo* to pump), to examine, to test, to analyse, to sift. Job is not the only parallel to this scene in Holy Writ.

"Simon, Simon, behold Satan has desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat."—Luke xxii. 31.

Such as thou art I never have abhorred;
Of all the spirits that deny the Lord,*
† The libertine I easiest can endure;
Too quickly slackens mankind's ‡ energy,
He soon delights in absolute repose,
Therefore to him I willingly accord
A comrade that allures and influences him; §
And devil himself aids in creation still.
‖ But ye, the perfect sons of God, enjoy

* Deny not his existence, or his power, but his goodness.

† Great difference of opinion exists as to how the word 'Schalk' ought to be translated. Our word 'Scamp,' used in its more opprobrious sense seems to express it most nearly. I have already given my reason for considering that Mephistopheles is the embodiment of that portion of the evil principle represented by Belial, and Cruden's definition appears to me exac'ly to render the schalk, viz. one that is good for nothing, a libertine.

‡ *Erschslaffen* is to *slacken*, and has nothing to say to slumbering.

§ "Whilst we labour to subdue our passions, we should take care not to extinguish them. Subduing our passions is disengaging ourselves from the world; to which, however, whilst we reside in it, we must always bear relation, and we may detach ourselves to such a degree as to pass a useless and insipid life, which we were not meant to do. Our existence here is at least one part of a system."—*Shenstone.*

‖ This passage is to be considered as a benedictory dismissal.

The living riches of the Beautiful.
The growing fulness of the time to come,*

* *Das werdende*, the coming into existence; the principle of progressive development towards perfection that pervades the universe. '*Werden*,' to become, indicates being in a state of transition, in opposition to '*Seyn*,' to be, which signifies existence perfect, and, therefore, unchangeable. It is, however, remarkable that the passage, 'I AM THAT I AM,' Exodus iii. 14, is translated by Luther, '*Ich werde seyn der ich seyn werde.*'

"Rising to the highest elevation, of conceiving the entire stellar creation spread out as a mighty plain, may there not be seen, even as they are internally harmonious, the firmaments themselves, rejoicing in common external sympathies, and in majestic concert sweeping through profound abysses. Let no feeling of the infinitude of such a power, or of the awfulness of the requisite durations, here stun the human mind, or cause it to repel what—having ascended through so many gradations—it is entitled to assume to be probable. To realise the meaning of such a perspective, let us conceive it viewed rather by some far loftier being, who from the battlements of his own abode, can see beneath his feet, these mighty motions proceeding in unbroken harmony. To such a Being—and may not Man too one day become as such?—there will not, however mysterious it may yet remain, come from the whole of that vast interwoven agency one thought to crush or one doubt to bewilder. There below him must they roll—those stupendous arrangements—not with a sound of fetters, but peacefully evolving grand results, and growing even as they course onwards, themselves into something more perfect. No clank-

That works in life eternal, compass Ye
In its sweet fold of love, and all that yet

ing of fetters—only this august universe in undying strength moving freely as the river, and itself ever enlarging, expanding with the purposes of the UNFATHOMABLE WILL."

NICHOLLS's *Architecture of the Heavens.*

'The chronology of God is not as our chronology. See the patience of waiting evinced in the slow development of the animated kingdoms throughout the long series of geological ages. Nothing is it to him that an entire goodly planet, should, for an inconceivable period, have no inhabiting organisms, superior to reptiles. Nothing is it to him that whole astral systems should be for infinitely longer spaces of time in the nebular embryo, unfit for the reception of one breathing or sentient being out of the myriad multitudes who are yet to manifest his goodness and his greatness. Progressive, not constant effect is his sublime rule. What then can it be to him that the human race goes through a career of impulsive acting for a few thousand years. The cruelties of ungoverned anger, the tyrannies of the rude and proud over humble and good, the martyr's pains and the patriot's despair, what are all these but incidents of an evolution of superior being which has been prearranged and set forward in independent action, free within a certain limit, but in the man constrained, through primordial law, to go on ever brightening and perfecting, yet never while the present dispensation of nature shall last to be quite perfect!"

VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION.

"The New Testament does not after death here promise us a soul hereafter unconnected with matter, and which has no connection with our present mind and soul, independent of time

Floats in phantasmal indefinitude,
Invest ye with the permanence of thought.*

and space. That is a fanciful idea, not founded on its expressions, when taken in their just and real meaning. On the contrary, it promises us a mind like the present, founded on time and space, since it is like the present to hold a certain situation in time, and a certain locality in space, but it promises a mind situated in portions of time and of space different from the present, a mind composed of elements of matter more extended, more perfect, and more glorious, a mind which formed of materials supplied by different globes, is consequently able to see farther into the past, and to think farther into the future, than any mind here existing; a mind which, freed from the partial and uneven combination incidental to it in this globe, will be exempt from the changes for evil, to which the present globe, mind as well as matter, is liable, and will only thenceforth experience the changes for the better, which matter, more justly poised, will alone continue to experience; a mind which no longer fearing the death, the total decomposition to which it is subject in this globe, will thenceforth continue last and immortal."—HOPE *on the Origin and Prospects of Man.*

" 1. And I saw a new Heaven and a new Earth, for the first Heaven and the first Earth were passed away, and there was no more sea.

" 2. And I John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

" 3. And I heard a great voice out of Heaven saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God.

"4. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away." —Rev. cap. xxi.

* God is the idea immanens, the true spiritual existence, the living principle which pervades the whole. The material universe is one phasis of his infinite attributes, namely, extension. But Spinoza rigidly and universally teaches, that the one infinite substance has two infinite attributes, extension and thought. Extension is visible thought, and thought is invisible extension. The use of the word "substance," by which he signifies existence, the *prima materia* of the schoolmen, have led to much misunderstanding, and his adversaries have replied, as if he meant by substance what we express by matter and body . . . When Spinoza asserts thought to be the other infinite attribute of substance, he follows Parmenides, of whom Ritter says, "Thought appeared to him to exhibit merely one aspect of the all."

Spinoza had a remarkable influence upon the philosophy of Germany in the 18th century. Goethe was an especial admirer of the bold and uncompromising Jew. He says, (*Wahrheit und Dichtung*), "This spirit that wrought so decidedly upon mine, and was to have so great an influence upon my entire mode of thinking, was Spinoza. After I had looked in vain round the whole world for a way to reduce my strange being to shape, I fell at length upon the ethics of this man. What I may have drawn out of that work, what I may have read in it, of that I could give no account, enough that I found here a stilling of my passions, it seemed as if a wide and unbroken view of the sensuous and moral world opened itself to

Heaven closes. The Archangels disperse.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *alone.*

The Antient now and then I gladly see,
And shall take care I do not with him break,
Handsome it is, in such a high grandee,
Such civil speeches to the devil to make.

me. But what especially bound me to him, was the unbounded disinterestedness that beamed out of every sentence. The all-balancing calmness of Spinoza, contrasted with my all-agitating turbulence. His mathematical precision was the reverse of my poetical line of thought and expression; and even that regulated mode of treatment, which one could not find conformable to moral objects, made me his passionate scholar, his most decided admirer." The reader will find that the most obscure passages in the Faust can commonly be cleared up by a reference to the doctrines of Spinoza.

THE TRAGEDY.

FIRST PART.

TIME—NIGHT.

FAUST, *restless in his chair, at his desk, in a high vaulted small gothic chamber.*

FAUST.*

Philosophy, and law, and medicine,
And to my sorrow, too, theology
By this time have I studied searchingly;
Poor fool, yet after all, all this hot toil of mine,
I find myself no wiser than before.

* Faust was born at Knittlingen, in Suabia, in the beginning of the 16th century, and was educated at Wittenberg. He then resided at Ingolstadt, where he devoted himself to medicine, astrology, and magic, and employed his acquirements in such a manner as to convince his countrymen that he had sold himself to the Devil.

Master of Arts, and Doctor, indeed
They call me, and now for this ten years I lead
Up and down, and in and out,
My scholars by the nose about,
And see that we can nothing know:*
It sears my heart it should be so.

* "Man is constituted a speculative being; he contemplates the world, and the objects around him, not with a passive indifferent gaze, as a set of phenomena in which he has no further interest than as they affect his immediate situation, and can be rendered subservient to his comfort, but as a system disposed with order and design. He approves and feels the highest admiration of the harmony of its parts, the skill and efficiency of its contrivances. Some of these, which he can best trace and understand, he attempts to imitate, and finds that to a certain extent, though rudely and imperfectly, he can succeed; in others, that, though he can comprehend the contrivance, he is totally destitute of all means of imitation; while in others, again, and these evidently the most important, though he sees the effect produced, yet the means by which it is done, are alike beyond his knowledge and his control; thus he is led to the conception of a power and intelligence superior to his own, and adequate to the production and maintenance of all that he sees in nature, a Power and Intelligence to which he may well apply the term infinite, since he not only sees no actual limit to the instances in which they are manifested, but finds, on the contrary, that the farther he inquires, and the wider his sphere of observation extends, they continually open upon him in in-

Yet the mere mob of triflers, I know more than they;
The doctor, the master, the clerk, and the priest,
No scruple plagues me, no doubt stands in my way,
Neither devil nor hell startles me in the least.
'Tis so all enjoyment to me is denied,
I fancy the truth that I never can reach,
I fancy that nothing I ever can teach
Can better mankind, or their conduct can guide.
Then in the world, nor land, nor gold,
Nor rank, nor station, I my own can call.
A life like this no dog would longer hold,
And therefore to the supernatural
Have I myself devoted, that the force
Of elemental spirits and their discourse
May bring forth many hidden things to light;
May spare me the abhorred necessity,
That bitter sweat from my hot forehead wrings,
Of talking what I do not understand;
That I may measure the eternal band
That holds the earth together, and may see
What power quickens the still seeds of things

creasing abundance; and that, as the study of one prepares him to understand and appreciate another, refinement follows on refinement, wonder on wonder, till the faculties become bewildered in admiration, and his intellect falls back upon itself in utter hopelessness of arriving at the end."—*Herschel.*

Into production's boundless energy,
And retail words no more in petty traffickry.

Thou radiant moon, oh! might thy last
Gleam be upon my sorrow cast,
For whom so oft my vigil deep,
Into the night I've loved to keep.
Then over books and papers, thou
Friend of my sorrows, gladdest my sight:
Oh would that on the mountain brow
I wandered in thy much loved light,
With spirits might float through the caverns beneath;
In thy silvery glimmer the meadows might rove,*
And far from Philosophy's pestilent breath,
Might bathe me to health in the dew of thy love.

Wretch! still within this dungeon pent,
This cursed hole do I remain,
Where the sweet light from heaven sent
Streams sadly through each painted pane.
This hole, with heaps of books begirt,
Worm-gnawed, begrimed with dust and dirt;
Which from the ceiling to the floor
A smoke dried paper covers o'er

* *Weben*, to move. *In ihm leben, weben und sind wir.* In him we live and move, and have our being. Acts xvii. 28.

The wall, which cases, glasses line,
And instruments all over crammed,
With furniture as old as Adam jammed.
This is thy world—and what a world is thine.
And dost thou ask, by what restrained
Thy heart is heavy in thy breast?
Why, by some suffering unexplained
Are all thy springs of life repressed?
Instead of nature life abounding,
In which the Lord created men,
Are bones and skeletons surrounding
Thee in thy smoky mouldy den.

Fly! up into the distant land:
Does not this book, with secrets stored,
By Nostradamus'* very hand,
Sufficient company afford?
Then shalt thou know how planets roll;
And then with nature for a guide,
Forth comes the power of thy soul,
For spirits' converse qualified.
The Holy Sign—to thee in vain
Mere meditation would explain.

* Nostradamus, Michel de Notre Dame, an astrologer and physician of the 16th century, was born at St. Remi, a small town of the Diocese of Avignon, in 1503.

Spirits ye, that hover near me,
Give me answer if ye hear me.

*He opens the book and sees the sign of the Macrocosmos.**

Ha, what a gushing of delight
Bursts on my senses at the sight;
Each glowing nerve and vein is rife
With young and holy joy in life.
Traced a god this sign that stilled
Within my breast the raging strife?
My woeworn heart with gladness filled,
And that through a mysterious instinct threw,
The powers of nature open to my view.
Am I a God? what light breaks in on me,
In these pure features I can clearly see
Nature at work, before my soul displayed,
Now understand I what the wise man said.
Closed is the world of spirits never,
'Tis thy mind fails—thy heart is dead.
Up Student, bathe unwearied ever
Thine earthly breast in morning red.

* "The whole world or visible system, in opposition to the microcosm or world of man."—JOHNSON.

He gazes on the Sign.

How to the whole, each itself interweaves,*
Each on the other acting works and lives;

* "The researches of chemists have shewn that what the vulgar call corruption, destruction, &c., is nothing but a change of arrangement, of the same ingredient elements, the disposition of the same materials into other forms, without the loss or actual destruction of a single atom, and thus any doubts of the permanence of natural laws are discountenanced, and the whole weight of *appearances* thrown into the opposite scale. One of the most obvious cases of apparent destruction, is, when any thing is ground to dust, and scattered to the winds. But it is one thing to grind a fabric to powder, and another to annihilate its materials; scattered as they may be, they must fall somewhere, and continue, if only as ingredients to the soil, to perform their humble, but useful part, in the economy of nature. The destruction produced by fire is more striking; in many cases, as in the burning of a piece of charcoal, or a taper, there is no smoke, nothing visibly dissipated or carried away; the burning body wastes and disappears, whilst nothing *seems* to be produced but warmth and light, which we are not in the habit of considering as substances. When all has disappeared, excepting, perhaps, some trifling ashes, we naturally enough suppose that it is gone, lost, destroyed. But when the question is examined more exactly, we detect in the invisible stream of heated air, which ascends from the glowing coal, or flaming wax, the *whole* ponderable matter only united in a new combination with the air, and dissolved in it. Yet, so far from being thereby destroyed, it is only become again what it was before it

Never ceasing up and down,
How the Powers of Heaven go,

existed in the form of charcoal or wax, an active agent in the business of the world, and a main support of animal and vegetable life, and is still susceptible of running again and again the same round; so that for aught we can see to the contrary, the identical atom may lie concealed for thousands of centuries in a limestone rock, may at length be quarried, set free in the limekiln, mix with the air, be absorbed from it by plants, and in succession become part of the frames of myriads of living beings, till some concurrence of events, consigns it once more to a long repose, which, however, no way unfits it from again resuming its former activity."

HERSCHEL'S NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Bitumen and sulphur form the link between earth and metals; vitriols unite metals with salts; crystallizations connect salts with stones; the annanthes lytophite form a kind of tie between stones and plants; the polypus unites plants to insects; the tube worm seems to lead to shells and reptiles; the water-serpent, and the eel, form a passage from reptiles to fish; the anas nigra are a medium between fishes and birds; the bat, and the flying squirrel, link birds to quadrupeds; and the monkey equally gives the hand to quadrupeds, and to man.

"A beautiful connection subsists between the organic and inorganic kingdoms of nature. Inorganic matter affords food to plants, and they, on the other hand, yield subsistence to animals. The conditions necessary for animal and vegetable nutrition, are essentially different. An animal requires for its development, and for the sustenance of its vital functions, a

Pass the golden vessels on,*
  Blessings from their pinions flow;
From the chambers of the sky,
  Through the earth they penetrate;
To universal harmony
  The universe they modulate.†

certain class of substances, which can be generated by organic beings possessed of life. Although many animals are entirely carnivorous, yet their primary nutriment must be derived from plants, for the animals upon which they subsist, receive their nourishment from vegetable matter. Plants, on the other hand, find new nutritive material only in inorganic substances. Hence one great end of vegetable life, is to generate matter adapted for the nutrition of animals, out of inorganic substances, which are not fitted for this purpose."

Liebig's Chemistry of Agriculture.

* Of Light by far the greater part he took
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light; power to return
Her gathered beams; great palace now of light,
Hither as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns.

Paradise Lost.

† Below lay stretched the universe,
There far as the remotest line
That bounds imagination's sight,

What a sight—but alas, only a sight :
How shall I grasp thee Nature infinite,*
Where are thy breasts ? life's universal springs,†
That Heaven and Earth sustain,

Countless and unending orbs,
In mazy motion intermingled,
Yet still fulfilled immutably
Eternal nature's law.
Above, below, around,
The curling systems formed
A wilderness of harmony,
Each with undeviating aim,
In eloquent silence through the depths of space
Pursued its wondrous way.—*Shelley.*

* Spirit of Nature ! No,
The pure diffusion of thy essence throbs
Alike in every human heart,
Thou aye erectest there
Thy throne of power unappealable ;
Thou art the judge before whose nod
Man's brief and frail authority
Is powerless as the wind
That passeth idly by ;
Thine the tribunal which surpasses
The shew of human justice,
As God surpasses Man.—*Shelley.*

† Spirit of Nature, thou
Life of interminable multitudes,
Soul of these mighty spheres,

To which the withered heart convulsive clings,
Ye gush, ye nourish, yet I pine in vain.

Whose changeless path through heaven's deep silence lie,
Soul of that smallest thing
The dwelling of whose life
Is one faint April sun-gleam;
Man like these passive things
Thy will unconsciously fulfilled,
Like theirs his age of endless peace
Which Time is fast maturing,
Will swiftly, surely come,
And the unbounded frame which thou pervadest,
Will be without a flaw
Marring its perfect symmetry.

Shelley.

"The knowledge of nature is only possible on these two conditions: that there are certain relations subsisting between the System of Nature and the Human Mind, and that harmony reigns throughout the system of natural objects, and the necessary subordination of each separately to some general end. Considered in this light, organized being is the most excellent production of nature. The examination of any organical body displays an admirable subordination of the parts to the whole, and the whole itself is in exquisite harmony with each of its parts. But at the same time, the whole itself is but a mean to other ends, a part in a greater totality. Consequently the most exalted form of the teleological judgment, is that which considers the whole system of nature as one vast organical structure."—*Kant.*

He turns the book over unwillingly, and gazes on the sign of the Spirit of the Earth.

What different feelings waken at the sign;
Thou Spirit of the Earth* to me art nigher,
Already do I feel my courage higher,
I glow as with the glow of fresh strong wine,

* "The philosophy of Pythagoras, which was full of superstition, did first plant a monstrous imagination, which afterwards was, by the school of Plato and others, watered and nourished. It was that the world was one entire living creature, insomuch as Apollonius of Tyana, a Pythagorean prophet, affirmed that the ebbing and flowing of the sea was the respiration of the world, drawing in water and putting it forth again. They went on and inferred that if the world were a living creature, it had a soul and spirit, which they also held, calling it Spiritus Mundi, the Spirit or Soul of the world, by which they did not intend God, for they did admit of a deity beside, but only the soul or essential form of the universe. This foundation being laid, they might build upon it what they would, for in a living creature, though never so great, as for example in a great whale, the sense and effects of any one part of his body instantly make a transcenscion throughout the whole body, and that by this they did insinuate, that no distance of place nor want of indisposition of matter could hinder magical operations, but that, for example, we might here in Europe have sense and feeling of what was done in China, and likewise we might work any effect without and against nature, and this not holpen by the co-opera-

Feel nerved myself upon the world to throw,
To bear Earth's weal, to bear Earth's woe,
To battle with tempests, and stand on the deck
Undaunted amidst the loud crash of the wreck ;
Clouds close above me,
The moon hides her light,
The lamp glimmers faintly ;
Smoke swells; red flashes sparkle round my head,
A creeping horror on the air is shed,
Down from the roof it sinks, and seizes me.
Spirit invoked, I feel thou hoverest near,
Unveil thyself—appear !
Ha, what conflict tears my heart,
Unto what new emotions starts my mind,*
Deep stirred and passion tossed,
I feel my heart entire to thee resigned,
Thou must, thou must, though it my life should cost.

tion of angels and spirits, but only by the unity and harmony of nature. There were some also that stayed not here, but went further, and held, that if the Spirit of Man, whom they call the Microcosm, do give a fit touch to the Spirit of the world, by strong imaginations and belief, it might command nature, for Paracelsus and some darksome authors of magic, do ascribe to imagination exalted the power of miracle working fate."

Lord Bacon.

* Literally all my senses are stirred up or harrowed.

He pronounces the sign of the Spirit of the Earth mysteriously. A reddish flame flashes. The Spirit appears in the flame.

THE SPIRIT.

Who calls upon me?

FAUST, *turning away.*

Aspect of affright.

THE SPIRIT.

Thy potent call hath brought me here,
Thou, long nourished in my sphere:
And now—

FAUST.

Torture, I cannot bear the sight.

THE SPIRIT.

With panting supplication thou hast sought me,
To hear my voice, my countenance to see,
The mighty praying of thy soul has brought me;*
I am here. What piteous terror seizes thee
Thou Superhuman? Where the soul's bold call,
The breast that in itself a world created,
Bore, cherished, and in joy ecstatical
Its swoln self to us, the spirits, elevated?

* *Mich neigt*, bends me, inclines me to comply with your prayer.

Where art thou Faust, whose voice so rang unto me,
Who put forth all thine energies to woo me?
Yet now enveloped in my atmosphere,
Tremblest within thy deepest soul for fear,
A terrified and writhing worm.

FAUST.

Thou shape of flame, I yield not so,
In me, in Faust, thine equal know.

SPIRIT.

In the tide of life, in action's storm,
Up and down I ever float;
Hover here and there,
The cradle and the tomb,
An eternal ocean,
A changeful motion,
A glowing living:
I work at old Time's whirring loom,
A garment of life for the Deity weaving.

FAUST.

Thou that pervadest earth, and air, and sea,
Creative Spirit, how I yearn to thee.

SPIRIT.

Mate wert thou to the spirit thou conceivest,
But not to me.

[*Disappears.*

FAUST—*starting.*

Not thee,—whom then?
I in God's image made,
Not equal even to thee!

[*A knock at the door.*

Oh death! I know it, it is my Famulus.*
Farewell this lofty ecstacy of joy,
That all the fulness of bright visions thus
This brainless blockhead must destroy.

† WAGNER, *in his dressing gown and night-cap, a lamp in his hand*—FAUST *turns unwillingly.*

WAGNER.

Pardon; just now I heard you loud declaim;
A tragedy of Greece no doubt you read,

* Famulus, a sort of literary aide-de-camp.

† Goethe seems to have gibbeted the name of Wagner, in retaliation for a small act of piracy, committed by an early friend of his bearing it. He says, "On account of the consequences, I must recall the recollection of a good companion, who, without any extraordinary gifts, was nevertheless one of

And much I wish to profit by the same;
For now a-days, the art tells well indeed:
I've often heard how good a teacher
A player might be to a preacher.

FAUST.

Yes, if the preacher act himself a play,
As sometimes may take place upon occasion.

WAGNER.

Ah, when one to one's study is confined,
And sees the world but on a holiday,
As through a telescope one sees mankind,
How can one lead them by one's own persuasion?

FAUST.

Unless you feel, in vain pursuit;
Unless from out your soul it wells,

us. He was called Wagner, and was first a member of the Strasburg, then of the Frankfurt company. He was not without spirit, talent, and instruction. He shewed himself active, and so was welcome. He was also attached to me, and as I made no secret of my projects, I told him, as I did others, of my plot for Faust, especially the catastrophe of Gretchen. He took up the plot and used it for a tragedy, 'the Infanticide.' That was the first time any one snatched away any of my designs. It vexed me, though I bore him no grudge for it."

Wahrheit und Dichtung.

And with delight of deepest root,
The hearts of all who hear compels,
*Sit busy you, and paste and glue,
Cook other men's feasts up in hashes,
And strive to blow a paltry glow
Of fire from out your heap of ashes:
Children and apes may much admire,
If to their praise your taste incline;
In other hearts you nought inspire,
That doth not flow all fresh from thine.†

* *Immer* here does not exactly mean ever, but has a permissive or exhortatory signification.

† I know the mind that feels indeed the fire
The muse imparts, and can command the lyre,
Acts with a force and kindles with a zeal,
Whate'er the theme, that others never feel.
If human woes her soft attention claim,
A tender sympathy pervades the frame,
She pours a sensibility divine,
Along the nerve of every glowing line;
And of a deed not tamely to be borne,
Free indignation and a sense of scorn,
The strings are swept with such a power, so loud,
The storm of music shakes the astonished crowd.

Cowper.

WAGNER.

Yet 'tis delivery* bids the orator succeed,
I'm very far behind, I feel it so indeed.

FAUST.

To honest ends your thoughts direct,†
Be not a juggling idiot; know
That common sense and intellect,
With little art their object shew :‡

* *Vortrag*, delivery, elocution. The manner of delivering a speech as opposed to the matter contained in it, considered as an element of success. Greek, Prophora.

† Faust here addresses Wagner in the third person singular, which is indicative of contempt, or rather of the contempt which he had already expressed having got the better of his patience and good breeding.

‡ Cromwell's imperfect oratory is well known, but he knew what he meant himself, and in the end made others understand him; and the greatest of living captains is a daily example of a man who leaves words to take care of themselves, and speaks things.

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical: these summer flies
Have blown me maggot full of affectation.

Love's Labour Lost.

For when in earnest you would things express,
  Is not the chase for words all profitless?
The glittering floss of verbiage that mankind*
  To deck its scraps of rubbish fondly weaves,†
Is drear and lifeless as the drifting wind
  That howls in autumn through the withered leaves.

* *Schnitzel* are shavings or paper cuttings. The passage runs thus. "Your discourses that are so glittering, in which you curl the shavings of humanity, are unnerving as the fog-wind that autumnally howls through the barren leaves." The ornaments of cut paper, which in this country fill fire-places, will give the reader an idea of the meaning of this passage, a great show made of what is worthless, and (perhaps the metaphor may be carried further) supplies the place of an object of value.

† "There hath also been laboured and put in practice a method, which is not a lawful method, but a method of imposture, which is to deliver knowledge in such manner, as men may speedily come to make a show of learning who have it not. Such was the travail of Ragmundus Lullius in making the art which bears his name, not unlike to some books of Typocosmy, which have been nothing but a mass of words of all sorts, to give men countenance, that those which use the terms might be thought to understand the art, which collections are much like a fripper's or broker's shop, that hath ends of everything but nothing of worth."—*Lord Bacon.*

Lullius was an enthusiast of the 13th century, a native of Majorca. The Ars Lulliana, an attempt to methodize ideas, seems to have been a sort of classifying machine, or logical kaleidescope.

WAGNER.

Oh Lord, how long endureth art,
How little life to us accorded,
And nought but fears for heart and heart,
My critic labours have rewarded;
How hard it is the means to obtain,
By which to reach the fountain head;
And ere the half-way house we gain
Most likely a poor devil's dead.*

FAUST.

Is parchment then to be the holy spring,
A draught from which for ever quenches thirst?
No life renewed to thee that draught will bring,
From your own soul that does not freshly burst.

* It will be observed, that through this colloquy, Wagner does not *understand or answer* Faust. His mind, dull and barren itself, cannot conceive the idea of originality, and, incapable itself of creating, depends entirely upon the creations of others for the mental food which a being endowed with reason requires, however defective in energy and comprehensiveness that reason may be. He presents the image of a spunge, dry, lifeless and unproductive itself, but capable of absorbing an enormous quantity of water.

WAGNER.

Pardon, 'tis transport, when one's spirit's led
Into the spirit of the times long fled,
To see before our time how men of wisdom thought,
And how much farther we the power of mind have
brought.

FAUST.

Yes, yes, at last up to the stars we climb.
My friend, to us, a closed book is the past;
That which you call the spirit of past time,
Is at the bottom but the shadow cast.
From the great ones that then the earth directed,
And in the mirror of the times reflected —
And truly oft a pitiful display,
At the first glance one turns from it away.
'Tis but a dust bin, but a lumber room,
At best a high heroic puppet-show,
With fine pragmatic maxims, that become
Right well the puppet's lips from which they flow.

WAGNER.

But yet the world and man, his heart, his mind,
To understand these things is every one inclined.

FAUST.

Aye, what is called to understand ; but who
Is there dares name the bantling honestly ?
Of those who aught have known, the scanty few,
Unwisely keeping watch neglectfully
Upon the fulness of their hearts, who have bared
Their deeper feelings and their loftier view
Before the mass, for them have been prepared
Ever the stake and cross.*

* Before the times of Galileo and Harvey, the world believed in the diurnal immoveability of the earth and the stagnation of the blood, and for denying them the one was persecuted, and the other ridiculed. The intelligence and virtue of Socrates were punished with death. Anaxagoras, when he attempted to propagate a just notion of the Supreme Being, was dragged to prison. Aristotle, after a long series of persecutions, swallowed poison. The great geometricians and chemists, as Gerbert, Roger Bacon, and others, were abhorred as magicians. Virgilius, Bishop of Latzburg, having asserted that there existed antipodes, the Archbishop of Mentz declared him a heretic, and consigned him to the flames; and the Abbot Frithemius, who was fond of improving stenography, or the art of secret writing, having published some curious works on that subject, they were condemned as works full of diabolical mystery. Galileo was condemned at Rome publicly to disavow his statements regarding the motion of the earth, the truth of which

My friend, 'tis late;
Pardon me, we at last must separate.

must have been abundantly manifest. He was imprisoned in the inquisition, and visited by Milton, who tells us he was then poor and old. Cornelius Agrippa, a native of Cologne, and distinguished by turns as a soldier, philosopher, physician, chemist, lawyer, and writer, was believed to be a magician, and to be accompanied by a familiar spirit in the shape of a black dog, and was so violently persecuted, that he was obliged to fly from place to place, and not unfrequently when he walked he found the streets empty at his approach. This ingenious man died in a hospital. When Urban Grandier, another victim of the age, was led to the stake, a large fly settled on his head: a monk, who had heard that Beelzebub signifies in Hebrew the god of flies, reported that he saw this spirit come to take possession of him. Even the learned themselves, who had not applied to natural philosophy, seem to have acted with the same feelings as the most ignorant, for when Albertus Magnus, an eminent philosopher of the 13th century, constructed an automaton, or curious piece of mechanism, which sent forth distinct vocal sounds, Thomas Aquinas (a celebrated theologian), imagined it to be the work of the devil, and struck it with his staff, which, to the mortification of the great Albert, annihilated the labours of thirty years. Descartes was horribly persecuted in Holland when he first published his opinions. Voetius, a person of influence, accused him of Atheism, and had even projected in his mind to have the philosopher burned at Utrecht, in an extraordinary fire, which kindled on an eminence, might be observed by the seven provinces. The persecution of

WAGNER.

Gladly the livelong night I had whiled away,
Converse to hold with one so rich in lore.
But on the morrow, Easter's holy day,
Allow me that I ask a question more.
Studious and diligent I myself may call,
Much I already know, but I would fain know all.

FAUST—*alone.*

How hope entirely never quits the mind;
* He cleaves to worthless rubbish ceaselessly,
He digs for hidden treasures greedily,
And yet is glad the worms of earth to find.

How dare such merely mortal accents sound,
Where all pervading spirits reigned around.
And yet, alas, yet for once I thank thee, thou
Meanest of all Earth's sons, I thank thee now.

science and genius lasted till the close of the seventeenth century."—*D'Israeli.*

Quere? Is there nothing of the sort in the nineteenth? No war between theology and geology? No Westminster Abbey closed against Byron? No denouncement of the employment of the voltaic battery? No vituperation of Shelley?

* *Der*, refers rather contemptuously to Wagner.

Thou freedest me from the grasp of hopelessness,*
That well nigh bid my tottering senses reel.
But ah, the giant shadow's boundlessness
The dwarf I am right well might make me feel.†
Image of God, myself already deeming
The mirror of eternal truth so nigh;
Revelling in Heaven's light, so brightly gleaming,
The robe that clothes the soul in clay laid by.
I more than cherub, whose enfranchised might
Already prompted its presumptuous flight
Through Nature's very veins, and dreamed it mine
In creative power to taste the life divine.
Vain hopes, for them what penance must I pay,
One thunder-word has swept me far away.

* The despair occasioned by the reply of the Spirit of the Earth as it disappeared on Wagner's arrival, the 'thunder word' of the next passage.

† "The boundless views of intellectual and moral as well as material relation, which open on him on all hands in the course of these pursuits, the knowledge of the trivial place he occupies in the scale of creation, and the sense continually pressed upon him of his own weakness and incapacity to suspend and modify the slightest movement of the vast machinery he sees in action round him, must effectually convince him that humility of pretension, not less than confidence of hope, is what best becomes his character."—*Herschel.*

As being of an equal mould,
The more I rate myself with thee;
The power to call, but not to hold,
Was all that e'er was given to me.
Ah! in that holy moment, when
I felt myself so small—so great,
Thou flungest me roughly back again
Upon mankind's uncertain fate.*
Who teaches me, from what I shall forbear;
Shall I each impulse recklessly obey?
Ah, what we do as well as what we bear,
Checks us each instant on life's weary way.

Some foreign element will still intrude
Upon the spirit's loftiest conception,

* "The mind of man is as a mirror or glass, capable of the image of the universal world, and as joyful to receive the impressions thereof, as the eye rejoices to see the light; and not only delighted in beholding the variety of things and the vicissitudes of times, but raised also to discover the inviolable laws and the infallible decrees of nature; but if any man shall think, by view and inquiry into sensible things, to attain that light, whereby he may reveal unto himself the nature and will of God, then is he veiled through vain philosophy; for the sense of man is as the sun, which shines and reveals bodies, but conceals and obscures the stars and bodies celestial."—*Bacon.*

When we have reached the Things, this Earth calls
good,
We call Things better, error and deception.
The glorious feelings whence our life hath birth,
Are numbed in the thronged scramble of the Earth.

What though with Hope her daring flight upholding,
Fancy dilates to guage the eternal realm;
Yet little space contents her soon, beholding,
How joy on joy doth time's abyss o'erwhelm.
In the heart's depths nestles care,
Secret sorrow nursing there,
To and fro uneasy tosses,
Ever peace and pleasure crosses;
Taking some new mask her features to conceal.
Now house and land, now wife and child resembling,
Now fire and water, now, now poison and row steel,
Before all things that never happen, trembling;
Of things thou ne'er hast lost, the most thou weepest
the losses.

No godlike being am I, I feel conviction deep;
No, I am like the worm that in the dust doth creep,
That living in the dust upon the dust is fed,
And crushed into the dust, by passing traveller's
tread.

Are they not dust, the objects that surround
This dusty wall with all its hundred presses?
This pedlar's booth with thousand toys hung round,
That in this wretched world, my soul oppresses.
Here shall I hope what I require to find?
Read through a thousand books and find alone,
How has mankind for ever scourged mankind,
Whilst here and there appears a happy one.
What doth thy grin thou hollow skull convey?
But that thy brain like mine was once overwrought,
Searched in the twilight for the light of day,
In the desire of truth to madness brought?
Ye instruments, forsooth, too, mock at me,
With wheels, cogs, cylinders and collars wrought;
I stand before the door, and ye should be the key;
Your wards are complex, yet the bolt moves not.
Nature, inscrutable in broadest day,
Allows not that her veil be torn away;
What to thy mind she will not open fling,
With screws and levers canst thou never wring.
Thou, antient furniture, I never use;
Because my sire used thee dost here remain.
So long the lamp burns at this desk, the hues
Of smoke thy face, thou ancient scroll, will stain.

Better my little all in waste to spend,
  Than sweat here with that little all oppressed;
The things that from thy forefathers descend
  So use that they may be by thee possessed.
Unused possessions are a grievous load,
We can use only what is by the hour bestowed.

But what to yonder spot attracts my sight?
  Why is yon flask a magnet to my gaze?
Why is all near me now so sweetly bright,
  As when in woods by night the moonbeams round
    one plays?

Thou matchless Vial, thee I bow before—
  I take thee down at last with reverence deep;
All mind and art of man in thee I adore,
  Thou essence of the holiest draughts of sleep.
Extract of powers of subtlest deadliness,
  Some favour to thy master now display.
I see thee, and my agony grows less;
  I feel thee, and my struggle dies away.
The spirit's tide hath turned—it ebbeth slow,
  It bears me to the mighty main away;
The burnished ocean at my feet doth glow,
  And to fresh shores beckons an untried day.

A car of fire I see towards me soar
On pinions light, I feel my spirit high
By a new road the ether to explore,
For unknown spheres a purer energy.
Thou late but worm, what worth of thine doth earn
This lofty life, this ecstacy divine ;
Aye, only now resolve thy back to turn
Upon the sun that on thy earth doth shine.
Those gates, whence others cowering hold aloof,
Thou, armed in dauntlessness, in sunder tear;
Here is the time thy deeds shall give the proof,
Man's dignity shrinks not God's loftiness to share.
Before that sable cavern not to quail,
Where Fancy her own torments doth invent;
Uncowed that narrow entrance to assail,
Through whose close mouth all Hell in flames is sent ;
Serenely resolute the step to take,
Being or nothingness on the cast to stake.

Now come, thou goblet, down, of crystal clear,
From out thine ancient case. For many a year
I have not thought of thee, since when my sire
Held festive meetings, and 'twas thine to inspire
His guests with gladness, when in jovial round
They pledged each other, and when each was bound

Of all thy many pictured ornaments,*
Each one in festive couplets to explain,
Then at one draught to drain thy whole contents,
What days of youth dost thou recall again!
Now to no neighbours do I pass thee on,
No wit of mine will on thy art be shewn;
Here is a drink that quickly steals away
The senses; see how its brown flood fills up
The long by me prepared self-chosen cup.
Here my last draught with my whole soul I drain,
High festive greeting to the coming day.

[*He sets the cup to his mouth*

Peal of bells and chorus.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ has arisen from the tomb,
Let the hour all mortals bless,

* Goblets, curiously stained, and many of great antiquity, abound in Germany. The Emperor and the seven electors, and some historical and scriptural paintings, are favourite subjects. It was customary in many great houses, upon the birth of an heir, to cause a glass of this sort to be blown, to become an heirloom, the size of the glass being frequently proportional to the rank of the family. As these were carefully preserved, they accumulated in great numbers, and the text alludes to a sort of game in which they were employed.

Whose hereditary doom,
Is to be girt with wickedness.

FAUST.

What a deep murmur on the night air swells,
What a clear tone draws irresistibly
The goblet from my mouth. Ye hollow bells,
Proclaim ye Easter's dawn is drawing nigh?
The words of hope in that sweet music ringing,
That once, when o'er his sepulchre did close
The shades of night, from angel lips arose,
Assurance of a covenant renewed to mortals bringing.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

His body in death
With spices we dressed,
And unfailing in faith
We left him to rest;
With graveclothes we bound
His limbs for the bier,
Alas, and we found
Christ no more here.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Glorious in resurrection,
Christ is arisen on high,

Joy to the Lord of love;
He whom his deep dejection,
Soul-searching agony
Still doth stainless prove.

FAUST.

What in your mighty sweetness do ye seek,
Ye tones of Heaven, with me that dwell in dust?
Seek elsewhere mortals flexible and weak.
I hear the message, but I cannot trust;
Faith's chosen child is the miraculous.
I dare not strive those distant spheres to gain,
From whence these holy tidings came to us;
And it seems that long remembered strain
In youth, recalls me back to life again.*

* There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased
With melting airs, is martial, brisk, or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear,
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on;
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory slept. Whenever I have heard

The kiss of heavenly love upon me fell,
In the deep stillness of the Sabbath calm,
The heart-felt fulness of the Sabbath bell,
A prayer to my glad soul sufficient balm,
Beyond conception sweet, a holy longing,
Drove me to wander forth through wood and mead,
And in the thousand tear-drops warmly thronging,
I felt a world grow up, mine own indeed.
The joyous sports of youth those tones revealing,
Of the spring feast once more the joys unfolds,
And recollection fraught with childish feeling,
Me from the last dread step of all withholds;
Oh sound, sound on, thou sweet celestial strain,
The tears well forth, the earth hath me again.

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

Has he that tombed did lie
Already gloriously

A kindred melody, the scene revives,
And with it all its pleasures, all its pains.—*Cowper.*

The Hindoos account for the mysterious influence which melody exercises over the tone of our minds, by saying, that it is the spirit language in which our souls conversed, before the task of animating bodies was imposed upon them, and that music, reviving a dim shadowy recollection of a better state, softens, elevates, and directs heavenward the mind, enfranchising it for the moment from the matter that encumbers it.

In life's sublimity
Raised him on high?
He in his ecstacy,
Growing divinity,
Enters his rest,
Of creative gladness;
We on earth's breast,
Linger in sadness;
He left us, his own,
Behind him to pine;
Lord, we bemoan
The bliss that is thine.*

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ has arisen
From the womb of decay,
The bonds of your prison
Tear joyful away;

* Literally.

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

The buried one, already gloriously, living and sublime, has raised himself on high. He, in the bliss of developing perfection, is near the enjoyment of creating.[1] Alas, we are to our

[1] Enjoying the highest bliss next to the supreme bliss of creating, that of advancing the ends of creation.

By works unresting,
Praise to him giving,
Love manifesting,
Brotherly living;
Preaching him everywhere,
His perfect bliss declare,
Ye is the Master near,
For ye is here.

sorrow on the earth's breast. He left us, his own, languishing here behind. Alas, Master, we weep thy bliss.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen from the womb[2] of corruption, tear yourselves joyfully free from your bonds. To ye, praising him by deeds, giving proofs of love, living together like brothers, travelling to preach him, promising[3] his bliss, to ye the Master is near. For ye is here.

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[2] *Schoos*, lap, or figurative, womb; as, *der dunkle schoos der Zukunft*, the womb of futurity.

[3] *Verheissen*, to promise; *das land der verheissung*, the land of promise.

BEFORE THE GATE.

Pedestrians of all sorts pass out.

SOME ARTIFICERS.

Why go ye out that way?

OTHERS.

To the Jägerhaus we're bound.*

THE FIRST.

We towards the mill will stray.

A WORKMAN.

The Wasserhof might I advise,
Will still the best be found.

A SECOND.

Upon an ugly road it lies.

* These are the names of places of public amusement, which abound in the neighbourhood of German towns, and by affording entertainment and recreation to the inhabitants in the open air and under the controul of public opinion and public feeling, contribute alike to the moral and personal health of the people. The *Jaeger Haus* is the place of rifle practice, of which there is an annual festival, under the name of *Vogelscheissung*, &c. &c. a necessary branch of the public defence, in countries where a *levee en masse* of the whole inhabitants to resist an invader, (poetically termed '*Landstorm*,') is by no means an improbable event.

THE SECOND.

What dost thou do?

A THIRD.

Go with the rest.

FOURTH.

Come up to Burgdoff, there you'll find
The fairest girls, beer of the best,
And first-rate larks of every kind.

FIFTH.

You ever roistering blade,
For a third row* are you inclined?
I'll not go there, I am afraid.

SERVANT GIRL.

No, no, back to the town go I.

ANOTHER.

We'll find him by the poplars certainly.

THE FIRST.

I'm not so highly gratified,
To see him ever by your side;
He never dances but with you,
What have I with your joys to do?

* *Händel*, rows; *Handel* corresponds to our *affair*, which will equally express a skirmish, or a sugar-sale.

THE OTHER.

Alone he'll not be, for he said
He'd bring him with the curly head.

STUDENT.

By Jove, how those lusty girls step out;
Come, brother, to join them let us make haste;
A stinging pipe and beer that is stout,
And a girl in her finery, that's my taste.

CITIZENS' DAUGHTERS.*

Pretty young men those, only see;
These are really shameful goings on;
They might live in the best of company,
Yet after such girls as these must run.

SECOND STUDENT—*to the First.*

Not so fast—here are two coming up behind;
They are neatly dressed, 'tis true—
But a neighbour of mine is one of the two;
Towards the girl I am much inclined.
They walk along all quietness,
But will take us with them nevertheless.

* *Burgermaedchen*, citizens' daughters, in opposition to *Landmaedchen*, country girls.

FIRST.

No, brother, no, such restraint I detest ;
Look sharp to the chase, lest we lose the prey ;
The hand that has twirled all the Saturday
The mop, on the Sunday caresses the best.

CITIZEN.

No, the new Burgomaster I cannot admire ;
Since he's been so he holds his head every day higher.
And what for the good of the town has he done ?
Day after day things are going worse on.
We the laws must more strictly than ever obey,
And heavier rates than before we must pay.

Beggar sings.

Ye gentlemen and ladies bright,
With rosy cheeks and gallant dress,
Look upon me, a piteous sight,
And mark and soften my distress.
Ah, do not scorn my humble lay,
Light heart is his whose hand is free ;
To-day to you is Holiday ;
Let it be Harvest day to me.

ANOTHER CITIZEN.

On Sundays and on Holidays my delight
Is to converse of battle, blood and fight,

Where in the wilds of Turkey, distant far,*
The savage people are engaged in war.
One looks from out the window, sips betimes,
Sees down the stream the painted vessels glide ;
Then glad returning home at eventide,
Blessings calls down on peace and peaceful times.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Yes, neighbour, on that point I'm clear,
Let them break heads abroad at will,
And scatter ruin far and near,
So that at home all remains quiet still.

* At the period when this scene is laid, Turkish power engrossed the attention of all Europe. Selim the First had driven back the Persian power to the Euphrates and Tigris. He defeated the Mamelukes, and conquered in 1517 Egypt, Syria, and Palestine. Solyman the Magnificent in 1522 took Rhodes from the Knights of St. John ; and by the victory of Mohacz in 1526, subdued half Hungary, exacted a tribute from Moldavia, and was so successful against the Persians, as to make Bagdad, Mesopotamia, and Georgia, subject to him. He threatened to overrun Germany, and was only prevented by a repulse *under the walls* of Vienna in 1529. The successful corsair Barbarossa was master of the Mediterranean, had conquered Africa, and laid waste Minorca, Sicily, Apulia, and Corfu.

OLD WOMAN—*to the Citizens' Daughters.*

How smart we are, how pretty too;
Who would not fall in love with you?
Only keep pride from off your mind,
What you want I know where to find.

BURGER MADCHEN.

Come, Agatha, come, let no one see
Us in such witch-like company;
On St. Andrew's night* she shewed to me
My future lover bodily.

THE OTHER.

Mine, as a soldier, in the glass,
With other bold fellows, she shewed to me;
I look for him everywhere, but alas,
His face again I can never see.

* "It is believed that a maiden can invite and see her future beloved upon St. Andrew's night, St. Thomas's night, Christmas night, and New Year's night. A table must be laid for two, but there must be no forks there. Whatever the lover leaves behind him at his departure must be carefully gathered up; he comes then to her who keeps it, and loves her warmly. He must, however, never see it again, else he remembers the torture that he suffered on that night from supernatural power, and becomes aware of the incantation, whence great evil arises."—*Grimm. deutsche Sagen*, No. 114.

SOLDIERS.

Wall-girt town, tall parapet,
High soul'd maid, with scornful eyes,
On such prize my heart is set;
Gallant is the enterprise,
Glorious is the prize.

Rise we to the trumpet's breath
As for pleasure, so for death;
Thus is life in storm revealed,
Maids and towns alike must yield.
Gallant is the enterprise,
Glorious is the prize.
And the soldiers, bold and gay,
March away.

FAUST AND WAGNER.

FAUST.

Now stream and streamlet both from ice are clear,
At the sweet glances of the opening year,
Inspiring life in all things, green and bright,
Grows in the valley, Hope's delight.
And now the ancient winter in his weakness
Draws himself back into his mountain bleakness.
Thence sends he nothing from his far retreat,
But showers of little power of hail and sleet;

O'er the green meads in patches light,
But the sun endures no white.
Everywhere growth and formation is rife,
All with gay colours will flush into life;
Though imperfect the landscape, its flowers without,
It fills up their places with mortals decked out.
Turn about on this gentle rise,
On the city behind you to cast back your eyes;
See from the dark gate's cavities,
Issuing out what a motley swarm,
Rejoicing each in the sunshine warm.
They keep the day of the Lord arisen,
For they themselves have broken from prison.
From lowly houses, chambers, small
And dull, from work and traffic's thrall,
From gables and garrets' oppressive heat,
From the jostling of the close-pent street,
From the churches' solemn night,
All of them are brought to light.
See, only see, how the hurrying rout,
Scattered o'er garden and meadow are roving,
O'er the length and the breadth of the stream spread about,
How many joy-freighted wherries are moving.*

* Presuming that the scene is laid in Ingoldstadt, the river would be the Danube.

O'erladen till it scarce can float,
Puts off the last departed boat;
Even from the paths of the distant hill,
Bright-hued dresses are glittering still.
Already the village's bustle I hear,
The people's true heaven is verily here;
The great and the small shout exultingly,
Here I am, here I dare a man to be.

WAGNER.

Well, doctor, thus to walk with you,
Is honour and is profit too;
But with no free will of mine own,
Would I wander here alone,
Because I am an enemy
To all sorts of vulgarity.
These skittles, fiddling, and uproar,
I in my very heart abhor;
They rage as if driven by the devil along,
And call it pleasure, call it song.

Peasants under the Lime trees.
Dance and Song.

The shepherd for the dance was dressed,
Garland and band and broidered vest;
Right smart indeed was he turned out;
Close round the lime-tree squeezed and pressed,

They danced like maniacs round about.
Juch he, juch he,
Juch heisa, heisa he,
The fiddle went so gay.

He squeezed himself into the whirl,
And with his elbow nudged a girl.
The lovely girl turned round her head;
Don't you be such a fool, she said,
Juch he, juch he,
Juch heisa, heisa he,
Don't you be so ill bred.

But on and on went round the ring,
And right and left they took their fling:
Lord, how the petticoats did swing.
And they grew red, and they grew warm,
And rested panting arm on arm,
Juch he, juch he,
Juch heisa, heisa he,
And elbow upon hip.

Oh, do not make so free, she said,
How many a man has many a maid
Deceived first, and then betrayed;
But still he lured the girl aside,
And from the lime tree far and wide.

Juch he, juch he,
Juch heisa, heisa he,
Fiddling and shouting rang.

OLD PEASANT.

Oh, doctor, it is kind of you,
That us to-day you have not spurned,
And that amidst this motley crew,
There moves a man so deeply learned.
Accept from us our fairest cup;
I pledge you in it, and I pray
That every drop in it that plays
Not only may your thirst allay,
But add one to your length of days.

FAUST.

I take the beverage, with refreshment rife,
Wish in return to each health and long life.

The people assemble in a circle.

ANOTHER PEASANT.

Aye truly, it is right well done,
You on our days of joy appear,
Who were to us, in times long gone,
The best friend of our days of fear.

Many a man stands here in life,
That your own sire's skilful aid
Tore from the raging fever strife,
What time the pestilence he stayed.
When you yourself in youth's first bloom,
Went into every house of gloom.
Full many a corpse was carried out;
But you through all went whole and stout,
Through many hard trials triumphant did go,
For the Helper above helped the Helper below.

ALL.

Health to the learned one—long may he live,
Help at their need to the helpless to give.

FAUST.

To Him on high never forgetting to bend,
Who teaches to Help, and who Help can send.

[*He passes on with Wagner.*

WAGNER.

Great man, what must be thy sensation
At the whole people's veneration?
Oh, happy he that can employ
His gifts to merit such applause;

The father points thee to his boy,
Each asks, and hastes, and closer draws,
The fiddle stops, the dancers pause,
In ranks they stand to honour thee;
Up go the caps into the sky;
A little, and they'd bow the knee
As if the Host were passing by.

FAUST.

But a few steps yet further to yon stone,
Upon it we will from our wanderings rest,
There deep in thought I oft have sat alone
With praying and with fasting sore oppressed,
Full rich in hope, not to be shaken in faith,
With tears and sighs and hands together pressed,
The termination of this plague of death
From Heaven's lord, I fondly thought to wrest.
The crowd's applause comes with a scornful tone,
Oh, couldest thou my inmost heart but read
Thou there would'st learn alike of sire and son,
How little they deserved such praise indeed.
My father was a hazy worthy man,
Who after his own wise, with fair intent,
His thoughts, in which some curious crotchets ran,
On Nature and her holy circle bent,
Who, making every alchemist a friend,
Himself within the laboratory pent,

And after recipes that had no end,
All adverse substances together blent.
*There a bold lover was, a lion red,
The lily in the tepid bath that wed,
And then to flame and fire exposed, from one
Bride chamber to another tortured on.

* This passage is alchemical slang, and it is hard to say whether Goethe intended most to mystify his Wagner, his readers, or his translators. The medicine seems to have been a preparation of corrosive sublimate and antimony; the former a deadly poison, but to this day largely employed in those quack medicines, which profess, without any admixture of mercury in any form, to cure disorders in which mercury or calomel are commonly exhibited; and we may remark for the benefit of our fair readers, that it enters largely into all washes, Kalydors, and such like so-called cosmetics. The latter, owing to its sudorific qualities, is even now often successfully employed in cases of plague. It was well known to the physicians of the 16th century, but uncertain in its effects from their ignorance of the proper method of preparing it; but it is remarkable that these two ingredients, corrosive sublimate and antimony, to this day form the basis of quack recipes for scurvy, one of which we subjoin:—"Spilbury's anti-scorbutic drops are said to consist of corrosive sublimate, prepared sulphuret of antimony, gentian root, and orange peel, equal parts, shavings of red saunders, made with proof spirit into a tincture, which is to be digested and strained." There seems to be a strong family likeness between this recipe and Faust's.

Then if her form, with varied colours dyed,
The youthful queen, within the glass revealed.
There was the medicine then, the patients died,
And no one asked the question, Who was healed?
With these electuaries infernal we,
Than the fierce pestilence far more fatally
Did rage these valleys and these hills among;
Myself the poison did to thousands give.
They withered till they died, but I must still survive
To hear the reckless murderer's praises sung.

WAGNER.

Why tease yourself about such stuff,
Does not an honest man enough
Strictly and conscientiously,
Who practises the art that he
Has been entrusted with? If you
In youth regard with honour due
Your sire, you gladly will receive
All knowledge that he has to give;
In manhood, if you more attain,
Your son a higher point may gain.

FAUST.

Oh happy he, to whom the hope is granted
Forth from this sea of errors to arise;

What we know not, is by us ever wanted,*
  What we know, we can not utilitize.
Yet let us not this moment's gentle joy
With such dark melancholy thoughts alloy ;
See in the evening sun's departing beams
Each green-girt cottage tremulously gleams ;
It shifts, it fades, the day anears its end,†
  Yet speeds it on, new life still to create.
Oh that no bird to me its wing will lend,‡
  That I its glorious course might emulate !
In the eternal Evening-radiancy,
The calm world at my feet I then should see ;
Each hill on fire, each valley in repose,
And silver brook to golden stream that flows,§

* '*Brauchen*' means both 'to want' and 'to make use of."

† Literally, the day is over lived.

‡ Oh that no wing raises me from the ground.

§ There is no real doubt about the meaning of this passage. Any one who has travelled much in Germany must have remarked the tendency of the larger rivers to assume a golden burnishment towards sunset, whilst the smaller streamlets that feed them retain a silvery glitter. Some years ago, I find that I thus described a scene in the Neckar from personal observation on the spot :—"Summer came, the bounteous hand of nature scattered its glittering stores of wild flowers in variegated profusion over the green fields. The lambs frisked in unconscious joy round the patient dams, the young foal feeling his

The savage mountain's chasm-dinted breast,*
My godlike course should never then arrest.
Already ocean, with its glowing bays,
Itself before my awe-struck eyes displays.
But now the god appears† at last to sink;
Still the new impulse wakes within my mind,
Forth haste I his immortal light to drink,
The day before me, and the night behind,

new-born strength, careered with ungainly but yet exulting action about the pasture; the fluttering insects, tribes of a day, filled the perfumed air with their merry hum. The shrill grasshopper chirped its song of cheerfulness from the grass, the melodious carol of the birds rose in gay activity from every thicket, the trickling rivulets sparkled in the sun, the broad Neckar gleamed like a sheet of molten gold, the earth was bright in its vesture of flowers, the clear expanse of heaven was blue above. Nature came forth in the loveliness of summer, and in the midst of all this beauty and glory and gladness, the lady of Angelach shaded her eyes, for her heart was breaking."

The Rittmeister's Budget, vol. i. p. 235.

* Literally, the wild mountain with all its chasms.

† *Die Göttin*, the Goddess; the reader will remember, that the sun (*die Sonne*) is feminine in German; but as the divinities, Helios, Phœbus, Sol or Apollo, whom we receive as representing the sun, are masculine, it is necessary to translate the word in the masculine gender.

The heaven above me, under me the sea,
A lovely dream ; the while he fadeth quite ;
Alas ! no bodily wings so easily
With the mind's soaring pinion will unite ;
But *that* unborn belongs to all our race,
That bids our feelings upwards, forwards rise,
When over us, lost in the azure space,
Its twittering song the lark sings in the skies.
When over rugged pine-upholding steeps,
With outspread wings the towering eagle sweeps :
Or when the crane, o'er level plain and lake,*
Towards its nest its toilsome way doth make.

WAGNER.

Crotchetty moments I myself have known,
But never yet felt impulse so high flown ;
How soon one's eye of wood and meadow clogs,
For a bird's pinion would I never long.
How differently entrain us mental joys,
From book to book, from page to page along,
Then sweet and fair the winter nights will grow,
A holy life through all our hearts will glow ;
And when a precious parchment you unroll,
All heaven itself descends upon your soul.

* *See* properly means a lake, *meer*, a sea.

FAUST.

With one impulse alone art thou acquainted;
Of knowledge of the other, oh! beware.
Two souls, alas! are in my bosom planted,
Each from the other strives itself to tear;
One to the coarse lusts of the flesh given o'er,
With grasping organs to the world clings fast;
The other, from the gloom strives hard to soar
Into the regions of the Great Ones past.
Oh! if between the heaven and earth there be
Spirits of power, hovering in the air,
Forth from your golden clouds descend on me,
Me to a newer brighter life to bear.
A magic mantle did I but possess,
O'er stranger distant lands unchecked to range,
Not for the garb of greatest costliness,
Even royal robes, would I that mantle change.

WAGNER.

Invoke not the familiar host that swarms,
Everywhere spread throughout our atmosphere,
Preparing dangers in a thousand forms,
For mortals from all quarters far and near.
Forth from the North the sharp-toothed spirits press
Upon you with their arrow-headed tongues,

Whilst from the East, in fiery parchedness,
They come to feed themselves upon your lungs.
If in the South, they from the desert burst,
Heap fire on fire upon thy head's hot crown;
Then brings the West the swarms, refreshing first
Thyself with fields and meadows but to drown;
They quickly hear, on mischief ever bent,
Gladly obey, betraying joyfully,
Assert themselves to be from heaven sent,
And lisp in angel accents when they lie.
But let us go; full grey the earth is grown,
The air is chill, the fog is coming down,
The house's value best at eve we prize,
Why standest thou so—what wonder in thine eyes?
What is it so interests thee in the gloaming?

FAUST.

Seest thou that black dog through corn and stubble roaming?

WAGNER.

Long since. Of small account he seems to me.

FAUST.

Mark him well. What takest thou the beast to be?

WAGNER.

A dog, who in the fashion of his kind,
Puzzles himself his master's track to find.

FAUST.

Dost thou observe what rings round us he makes,
Serpentine, how each circle brings him nigher?
And if I nought mistake, a streak of fire
Draws after him the path he takes.

WAGNER.

Nought but a great black poodle do I see,*
Some optical delusion it must be to thee.

FAUST.

Light, magic nooses, or a future snare,
It seems to me around our feet he draws.

WAGNER.

I see him puzzled, timid, jump round us, because
'Stead of his master here two strangers are.

* Literally, I see nothing but a black poodle. How many more, like Wagner, see nothing but a black poodle?

The cowslip by the river's brim,
A yellow cowslip was to him.
And it was nothing more.

FAUST.

The circle closes, he's already near.

WAGNER.

Thou seest no spectre, but a dog is here ;
He growls and hesitates, he crouches on the ground,
He wags his tail ; these are the habits of the hound.

FAUST.

Join those our company. Come here.

WAGNER.

It is in poodle fashion queer;
Stand thou still, he waits upon you ;
Speak to him, and he jumps upon you.
Lose anything, and he to bring it again
Into the water jump after your cane.

FAUST.

You are right, there is no trace, I now see clearly,
That marks a spirit ; all was training merely.

WAGNER.

Even to a dog who is carefully trained,
A wise man well attached may be ;
And worthily he your favours has gained,
For the flower of the flock of your students is he.
[*They enter the gate of the town.*

STUDY.

FAUST, *entering with the Poodle.*

From field and meadow I withdraw,
That Night's deep falling shadows steep,
With a foreboding holy awe
That wakes our better soul from sleep.
Each wild desire is now at rest
With its tumultuous brood of deeds,
The love of man first stirs the breast,
And soon the love of God succeeds.

Poodle, be still—run not about!
What to the threshold draws thy nose?
Behind the stove thy limbs stretch out,
On my best cushion seek repose;
As out of doors thy gambols were
A pleasure to us on the hill,
Thou in return receive my care,
A welcome guest, but quiet still.

Ah, when within our narrow cell
The friendly lamp again doth burn,
Then to the breast that knoweth well
Itself, doth light again return.

Reason again begins to speak,
And Hope again her blossoms brings,
Longing the streams of life we seek,
Still more to seek life's deepest springs.

Growl not, Poodle; to the high and holy
Tones that steep my soul, unsuited wholly
Are thy bestial cries.
We are accustomed that mankind despise
That which surpasseth their capacities;
And as a useless burden that they should
Murmur at all the Beautiful and Good.
Snarls the dog also in this wise?

Willing the spirit is, but ah, I know
Content no more can from my bosom flow;
But why so swiftly must that stream run dry,
And we again in thirst unquenched must lie?
How much experience to my lot doth fall?
Still something compensates even this privation
We learn to prize the supernatural,
We long to pierce the depths of revelation;
No where more rich in truth, more purely bright,
Than burns in the New Testament its light;
I feel myself impelled the text once more
In its original language to read o'er,

To render honestly, with mind upright,
In my loved German, all its holy lore.

He opens a volume and applies himself to it.

In the beginning was the WORD, doth run
The text; but here I stop, who helps me further on?
The *word* so high I cannot justly rate,
The passage I must otherwise translate;
If from the Spirit I true light have caught,
It stands,—In the beginning was the THOUGHT;
Consider well what thy true aim should be,
Let not thy pen run on too rapidly,
Doth thought create the universe? read aright,
It stands,—In the beginning was the MIGHT;
Yet something warns me, even as my hand
Traces this passage, that it cannot stand;
The Spirit helps me, I at once see light,
In the beginning was the ACT, assured I write.

Will'st thou with me this chamber share,
Poodle, from thy howls forbear;
Cease barking, such a teasing mate
Here I cannot tolerate,
One of us two at once must leave
The study, even although I grieve
At my inhospitality:
The door is open, thy exit free.

But what is this I see,
Is it shadow or reality?
How grows my poodle broad and long!
He rises up so fierce and strong,
Such giant hound the world ne'er saw.
What monster have I brought into the house?
Already like an hippopotamus
It seems, with fiery eyes and frightful jaw;
Oh, thou art mine, I know it well;
Know, for such half-begotten brood of hell,
The key of Solomon is fitting spell.

Spirits in the passage.

One within these walls is caught;
Stay without, follow him not;
As the fox in the snare
Trembles the old lynx of hell;
But mark him well!
Soar here, soar there,
Up and down soar we,
Soon he makes himself free.
Would you use him as your own,
Be careful he does not sit down;
Much already hath he done,
That hath pleased us every one.

FAUST.

This beast to encounter, first of all,
On the four elements I shall call.*
Salamander shall glow,
Undine shall flow,
Sylph shall vanish in the skies,
Cobold from the earth arise.

* In German superstitions, the four elements were supposed to be each entrusted to the special charge of an appropriate order of spirits; the air to the Sylphs, the water to the Undines, the fire to the Salamanders, and the earth, especially the development of animals, to the Gnomes or Cobolds. Of these, the Sylphs and Salamanders were not supposed to trouble their heads much about mortal matters, but the spirits of earth and water being everlastingly meddling, the latter generally doing mischief, the former, indifferently good and evil, but generally clumsily. The water spirits were called Nix, Nickel, Wasserman, Wassermädchen, Nixie, Seeweiblein, Wasserfeen, Undine.

Those of the earth, Berggeist, Cobold, Gnome, Bergmannlein, Moosleute, Erdmannlein, Ekerken, Zwerg.

A branch of this family attached itself to certain homes, like the Scotch Brownie and the Irish Banshee, and the name of Burg Geist, Haus Geist, Hutchen, Hinzelman, Klopfer, Stiefel, Alp, Popele, Schlossjung frau.

There is a strong family likeness, arising from their common origin, between the superstitions of Germany and those of the Lowland Scotch.

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He that doth not understand
The elemental band,
The strength that in them lies,
Their various properties,
The army of spirits will never command.

Disappear in fiery gleam,
Salamander!
Intertwine thy rushing stream,
Undine!
Forth in meteor brightness beam,
Sylph!
Bring homely help, to shield from harm,
Incubus! Incubus!
Come forward, and complete the charm.

None of the four is the beast within ;*
He lies still, and looks on with a horrible grin,
Not yet have I hurt him; but soon he shall cower
Beneath magical words of a loftier power.

If, fellow, thou
Art just escaped from hell,

* Having summoned the four elements in vain, Faust perceives that his visitor is not of the earth, and hence concludes that he is from hell, and proceeds accordingly.

Behold the sign, before whose spell
The hosts of darkness bow.
He swells, his hairs stand up, he feels it now.

Abandoned being, canst thou read the token
Of him, the Unbegotten One, the Unspoken,
Diffused through Heaven's infinity,
On earth transpierced atrociously?

Fast behind the stove hemmed in,
He swells to elephantine size,
He fills up all the space within,
Now melting in a cloud will rise.
Touch the roof not—rise no higher;
At thy master's feet lay low.

Thou seest, my threats none dare despise,
I sear thee with the sacred fire;
Await not thou,
The holy light's thrice-scorching glow,
Await not thou,
My magic arts more fearful still.

MEPHISTOPHELES *comes forth from behind the stove, dressed like a travelling scholar; the smoke falls.*

What is the matter,—what your worship's will?

FAUST.

So! this is it. This is the poodle's seed,
A travelling scholar. I must laugh indeed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most learned Sir, accept my salutation,
You've had me in a proper perspiration.

FAUST.

What is thy name?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The question seems but vain
For one who holds the world in such disdain,
And who, avoiding all mere outward show,
The inmost depths of Nature strives to guage.

FAUST.

But when of such as you the name we know,
The nature we can commonly presage;
The name declares it: we no more require,
Who hear you called Flygod, Destroyer, Liar;*
Enough, who art thou then?

* Baalzebub, or Beelzebub, the master of flies; Abaddon (Heb.), Apollyon (Gr.), destroyer or exterminator; Diabolus, the calumniator.

Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable;
Doing or suffering; but of this be sure,

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A portion of that power,
That ever Evil wills, Good ever to create.

FAUST.

Well, well, but how shall I this problem penetrate?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Spirit am I that denies evermore,
And that with justice, all creation
Richly deserves annihilation;
Better it were that nought had ever been.
'Tis thus all things, that are by your word sin,
Destruction, in short evil, meant,
Are my peculiar element.

FAUST.

Thou callest thyself a part, yet standest whole by me.

To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to His high will
Whom we resist. If then His providence,
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to prevent that end,
And out of good still find the means of evil,
Which ofttimes may succeed.—*Paradise Lost.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The unpretending truth is all I tell to thee.
Though that small world of folly, Man, conceit
Himself in general, a whole complete,
Part of the part am I, that at the first was all;*
Part of the darkness that brought forth the light,
That proud light that doth now in question call,
The ancient rank and space of mother Night.

* Chaos and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful deep ; with him enthroned,
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreadful name
Of Demagorgon.

* * * *

If some other place,
From your dominions won, the etherial king
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound : direct my course :
Directed, no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expelled, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway,
(Which is my present journey,) and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient Night,
Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge.

Paradise Lost.

Yet it succeeds not; for howe'er it strives,
It cleaves to bodies as if bound by gyves;
It streams from bodies, bodies beautifies,
To stop its course, a body doth suffice;
And so I hope, its time, expired at last,
To ruin with all bodies will be cast.

FAUST.

Aye, now I see your worthy trade;
Wanting the power to destroy wholesale,
You now begin your dealings to retail.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And truly I have little progress made;
This something, this rough clumsy world, that ever
Itself opposes unto nothingness,
In spite of every obstinate endeavour,
All I have tried has been without success:

NOX, one of the most ancient of the heathen deities, daughter of Chaos, who gave birth to the Day and the Night from her amour with her brother Erebus, son of Darkness and Chaos, a rude and shapeless mass of matter, which the poets supposed existed before the formation of the world. Hesiod first asserted it, and it is probably obscurely drawn from Moses, being copied from the annals of Sanchoniathon, whose age is fixed as antecedent to the siege of Troy.

Waves, tempests, earthquakes, fire,—all in vain,
Still land and sea all undisturbed remain,
And the infernal stock, of men and beasts the brood,
I never can the better get:
How many have I buried, yet
Still ever circulates a young fresh blood.
It is enough to drive one to despair.
In water, on the earth, and in the air,
Still ever thousand germs themselves unfold,
In Dry and Moist, in Hot and Cold;*
Had I not specially fire retained,†
Nought private to myself would have remained.

FAUST.

So then, against the Unreposing
Creation's salutary might,
Thou thy cold devil's fist opposing,
Clenchest it in thy fruitless spite.

* For Hot, Cold, Moist and Dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms.—*Paradise Lost.*

† Elbis, the evil spirit of the Mahometans, signifying Perdition or Refractory, was so called because he would not bow the knee to Adam, alleging, that being composed of the superior Element FIRE, he ought not to be required to worship Earth.

Some other task begin upon,
Thou of old Chaos' wondrous son.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Really at our next interview
We'll think about what we can do ;
Meanwhile, this time, may I retire?

FAUST.

I see not why thou dost inquire ;
I just have thy acquaintance made,
At will now be thy visits paid ;
Here is the window, here the door,
The chimney, if thou likest it more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I must confess, my parting still
A trifling obstacle does restrain,
The wizard claw, upon the sill.

FAUST.

The pentagram 'tis gives thee pain ;
Oh tell me then, thou son of Hell,
If that checks thee, how didst thou entrance gain,
Into the trap how such a spirit fell ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Observe it carefully, 'tis not drawn well ;
Look there, that outer angle salient
A little open is, as though mayest see.

FAUST.

Ho, ho, 'twas then a lucky accident,
Thus was it thou my prisoner came to be ;
That was a godsend unexpected.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poodle jumping in no ill detected ;
But now 'tis quite another case,
The Devil cannot leave the place.

FAUST.

And why not through the window pass away?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is a law that Devil and ghosts obey,
As they came in their way out they must find ;
We in the first are free, but in the second controlled.

FAUST.

What, its own laws have power then Hell to bind?
Well, I rejoice to find that we can hold
Such as you to a compact you'll keep truly.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whate'er we promise, that shalt thou have duly,
No jot of it shall be abated,
But cannot in a hurry be debated.
Next time we meet, we'll talk it over coolly,
But now most earnestly I pray,
This time you let me go away.

FAUST.

One little moment still remain;
Tell me some good news I pray.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let me but go, soon I come back again,
Then at thy pleasure ask away.

FAUST.

No snare, no trap for thee I set,
Thou plungest thyself into the net;
Who holds the devil, let him hold him fast,
No second chance will in his way be cast.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ready am I, if such thy will,
With thee for company to stay;
But on condition, that my skill
The time shall fitly while away.

FAUST.

Most willingly: there, thou art free,
Let but the show right pleasing be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

More in this house, I promise thee,
Enjoyment shall thy senses gain,
Then a year's sameness would attain.
The songs these tender spirits sing,
The lovely images they bring,
No empty fancy spectacle ;
Delight it yields thy sense of smell,
Thy palate also will they please ;
No preparation do we need,
All are assembled, now proceed.

SPIRITS.

Vanish thou gloomy vault,
And let the azure sky
Look in with its enchanting friendliness ;
Were but the black clouds melted,
Each twinkling star would shine
A mellowed sun within,
The sons of the empyrean,
The spirit world of beauty,

Quivering adoration
Soaring aloft,
Longing inclination
Following after;
The drapery of fluttering ribbons
Cover the plains,
Cover the bowers,
Where lovers deep musing
Devote themselves for life,
Bower by bower,
Sprouting tendrils,
The ponderous bunches
Gush in the treading of the wine-press,
The foaming rivers trickle
Through pure gems,
Leaving the hills behind,
Extend to lakes,
In the joy of the green growing hills
Rejoicing;
And the birds sip rapture,
Soaring to sunward,
Soaring towards
The islands of brightness,
That dance on the waves
In magical beauty,
Where we may hear

Choruses of exultation,
Where we may see
Dancing on the meadows,
Where all are scattered
In boundless freedom,
Some are climbing
O'er the mountains,
Others are swimming
O'er the lakes;
Others are soaring far away;
All to the realms of life,
All to the distant stars of love,
The grace of Blessedness.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well done, sweet children of the air. He slumbers.
Right fairly have ye sung him unto sleep.
Your debtor am I for these magic numbers,
Not yet art thou the man, O Faust, the Devil to keep.
Let sweet dreamy shadows his senses beguile,
Plunge him deep in a sea of unreal delusion;
The tooth of a rat I require the while,
Of the spell on the threshold to work dissolution.
Not long do I conjure, already anear me
I hear one rustling, and quickly he'll hear me.

The King and Lord of rats and mice,
Of fleas and frogs, of bugs and lice,
Commands thee boldly to appear,
To gnaw the spell that holds him here.
And as in it the oil he drops,
The rat already forward hops.
To work! The spell that holds me fast
Is in the edge there forward placed.
Now one bite more, the work is done;
Now, Faust, until we meet again, dream on.

FAUST, *awakening.*

What, what is it doth me again delude,
Vanishes thus the spirit multitude?
It seemed a dream to me the Devil displayed,
And then that his escape a poodle made.

THE STUDY.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

A knock? Come in! Who will again torment me?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis I.

FAUST.

Come in.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Three times it must be spoken.

FAUST.

Come in then.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Very good, the third time does content me;
I trust we shall agree in friendliness unbroken.
For away and away all your crotchets to chase,
I come to you now like a gallant young lord,
With my scarlet apparel all edged with gold lace,
My silk cloak as thick and as stiff as a board.

The cock's feather stuck in my hat, and beside
A long-pointed rapier hangs at my side;
And once for all, I must advise,
This costume you adopt likewise,
So that you may unhampered, free,
Search for yourself what life may be.

FAUST.

This earth's life's sorrow, pent, controlled,
I still should feel whate'er attire
I wear; for play am I too old,
Too young to be without desire.
What from the world can I obtain?
Restrain thyself! refrain, refrain!
That is the everlasting song
In everybody's ear that rings,
And that throughout our whole life long,
Still every hour hoarsely sings.
Each morn my frame with horror thrills;
I could weep bitter tears to see,
The day that in its course fulfils,
No solitary wish for me;
That aye each joyward aspiration
With cross-grained snarling ever curbs,
My restless bosom's fond creation,
With dull realities disturbs.

Sad on the couch myself I fling
When on the earth down sinks the night;
No rest in me that night doth bring,
Wild dreams my spirit still affright.
The god within my heart that dwells*
Can stir my deepest, inmost soul,
My powers to his will compels,
But things without cannot control;
By being's weight am I thus sore oppressed,
I long for death—existence I detest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet death is never an entirely welcome guest.

* It is a doctrine of Spinoza's, that the minds of men are not substances (that is to say, integral existences), but certain modifications of the divine attributes. "Hence it follows," he remarks, "that the human mind is a part of the intellect of the infinite God, so that when we speak of the human mind perceiving this or that, we can only mean that God, not as he is infinite, but as he appears in the human mind, or constitutes its essence, has this or that idea; and when we speak of God's having this or that idea, we must conceive of him not only as constituting the human mind, but as together with it, having the idea of something else." (Cum dicimus Deum hanc vel illam ideam habere non tantum quatenus naturam humanæ mentis constituit, sed quatenus simul cum mente humanâ, alterius rei etiam habet ideam.—*Corol* xi. 2.)

FAUST.

Oh! happy he, in glorious victory,
Whose temples Death with bloody laurels binds,
Or in the maddening dance's ecstacy,
In a fair maiden's arms the grim king finds;
Oh! would, before that stately spirit's might,
Enraptured in it, soulless I had sank.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet by a certain man, a certain night,
A certain brownish liquid was not drank.

FAUST.

So, prying your amusement seems to be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Omniscient am I not, but much is known to me.

FAUST.

If by its frightful spirit-strife distracted,
A sweet familiar tone my soul attracted,
The yet remaining feelings of the child,
With chords of other days awaked, beguiled,
Then be my curse on all, that round the mind
Its toils of snare, and tricks of jugglery wind,
And pen it in this den of misery,
With arts beguiling, powers of flattery.

Accursed, first of all, the high intent
With which the spirit will itself invest;
Accursed appearances' bewilderment,
Ever upon our senses deep impressed;
Accursed be all deluding us in dreams,
As fame, and lasting name's delusive gleams;
Accursed be possessions' flattering charm,
As wife and child, as servant and as farm;
Accursed, too, be Mammon, when with treasures
He moves to deeds of courage high,
Or for the indolence of sensual pleasures,
He smooths the couch on which we lie;
Cursed be the balsam from the grape that flows,
Cursed be that highest favour love bestows,
Accursed be Hope, accursed be Faith, but first
And chief of all, let Patience be accursed.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS—*Moonlight.*

Woe! woe!
Unto destruction hast thou hurled
The lovely world;*
Resistless was the blow,
It falls, into a thousand fragments riven,
A demigod the stroke has given.

* His own mind.

We have borne
The ruins unto Nothingness,
And we mourn
The unreturning Loveliness.
Mightiest of the sons of men,
Build it fairer up again,
Build it thine own breast within.
Begin
Newer life to enter on
With unclouded faculties,
And yet unheard melodies
Shall mingle in its tone.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hark! to my little pets,
These are mine own,
How like old people wise,
Pleasure and action they advise!
From the wide world
No longer immure thee.
Forth from thy solitude,
That congeals flesh and blood,
Would they allure thee!

Cease with thy melancholy mood to play,
That like a vulture eats thy life away;

The meanest company that thou canst find,
Will make thee feel a man amongst mankind
But yet I never did intend
Thee with the common mob to blend.
None of the great ones of the world am I,
Yet if thou choosest in my company
Thy course through life to take,
Most willingly will I my business make
Myself to thee at once to accommodate,
To be thy mate,
And if all goes according to my plan,
I am thy servant, am thy man.

FAUST.

And how shall I all this to thee repay?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The time of payment yet is far away.

FAUST.

No, no; the Devil is ever selfish, he
Doeth nought freely, merely for God's sake,
That to another might of service be;
Speak clearly out the terms that thou wouldst make,
A servant such as thee I well might dangerous find.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will myself HERE to thy service bind,
Waiting thy glance, nor sleep nor rest will take;
If that when we ourselves THERE YONDER find,
Thou unto me a like return shall make.

FAUST.

Small care have I about that yonder world,
If once this into ruin thou hast hurled;
The other afterwards may have its birth;
All my enjoyments spring from out *this* earth,
And upon all my sorrows, shines *this* sun,
If I myself from it could sever clear,
Then let what will and can be done,
No further then about it will I hear,
If in the Future there be hate or love,
Or even if in yonder sphere
There be a world BELOW, a world ABOVE.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If such thy feelings are thou mayest be bold.
Bind thyself, on the cast thy fortunes set,
In *these* days, glad mine arts thou shalt behold,
I give thee what no mortal e'er saw yet.

FAUST.

What, wretched Devil, canst thou give?
The spirit of man, aspiring to the skies,
Can being of thine order e'er conceive?
Yet hast thou food that never satisfies?
Hast thou red gold, that without rest,
Like quicksilver, melts through the hand away,
A game at which none ever win that play;
A girl that on my breast reclined,
Herself doth to another leering bind;
The glorious godlike lust of fame,
That vanishes like a meteor flame;
Shew me the fruits, that ere they're plucked decay,
And trees that don fresh verdure every day?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Me no such a charge as that can terrify;
I can supply you treasures such as these.
The time will come, my good friend, by and by,
We shall enjoy some dainties at our ease.

FAUST.

If ever on a couch of laziness
Myself I stretch out, with a mind at ease,
Then let me sink at once to nothingness;
If thou canst cheat me with thy flatteries.

That with myself I may contented feel,
Or with enjoyment can my senses steal,
Then let me gaze upon my latest sun.
I take the challenge.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Done.

FAUST.

And done and done.
If to the passing moment I should say,
"Tarry awhile, thou art so very fair,"*

* Faust does, at the close of the second part, say to the passing moment, 'Tarry, thou art so fair,' but he says it under the influence of the divine love, not of the sensual love, which Mephistopheles represents. He contemplates himself in the light of a benefactor of his kind, having converted a pestilent swamp into a scene of cheerful industry. "I would gladly see such a throng: stand upon free ground with a free people. I should then venture to say to the moment, 'Tarry, thou art so fair,' the trace of my days of earth cannot pass away in ages. In the anticipatory feeling of such a lofty happiness, I now enjoy the highest moment." He then dies. Mephistopheles instantly feels that his prey has escaped him. He claims him, in the language of Faust himself:

The clock stands still.

CHORUS.

Stands still, it is silent as midnight.
The hand falls.

Then mayest thou cast me into chains straightway,
Extinction willingly I then will bear.
Then the death-bell may toll my knell,
Then art thou free, thy service done,
The clock may stop, the hand may drop,
Be time for me for ever gone.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Consider well, for we shall not forget.

FAUST.

To that an undisputed right you have ;
No undue value on myself I set ;
Remaining as I am, I am a slave,
Thine or whose else's wherefore should I ask ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It falls, it is completed.

CHORUS.

It is past.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Past, an idiot word.

Why past ?

The angels who bear Faust's soul heavenwards, explain the reason of Mephistopheles' failure. "The noble member of the spirit world is saved from the Evil One. Whosoever struggling exerts himself, him can we redeem. Love from above sympathised with him. The hosts of blessedness meet him with the most hearty welcome."

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This very day then, at your doctor's feast,
As servant I shall enter on my task;
But, as to guard 'gainst accidents is best,
A pair of lines I must take leave to ask.

FAUST.

What, something written, pedant, dost thou seek.
Hath man, or man's word, ne'er been known to thee?
Is it not ample, that the words I speak
Dispose my days to all eternity?
Doth not the world, in currents uncontrolled,
Run riot? Me then shall a promise hold?
Yet in our hearts this prejudice lies deep,
And who would willingly its chains unbind.
Happy who truth pure in his breast doth keep,
No sacrifice he ever will deplore;
But yet a parchment, duly stamped and signed,
A spectre is that all men shrink before.
The word expires already in the pen,*
By wax and leather doth Dominion pass.
What, Evil Spirit, willest thou of me then?
Paper or parchment, marble, brass,

* "Words are very rascals since bonds defaced them."
Twelfth Night.

Shall I with style, or pen, or graver sign?
I leave it all to thee, free choice be thine.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why overstrain thine eloquence,
In such a passion-storm intense?
Any scrap thou hast is good
Thou signest with a drop of blood.

FAUST.

If thus thou art completely satisfied,
In this toy be thy fancy gratified.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blood is a liquid of strange properties.

FAUST.

Only fear not that I this contract break;
That, for which struggle all my energies,
Is just the very promise that I make;
Myself I have too highly prized,
And only in thine order is my place.
Me the Great Spirit scornful has despised,
And Nature shuts herself against my gaze.
Broken is the thread of thought,
All knowledge long has only loathing brought.

In the depths of sensuality
  Quench we Passion's fiery glow,
And unpierced veils of sorcery,
  Over the wonders we are working throw.
On the current of time let us fling us unheeding,
On the waves of events one another succeeding.
  Let discontent and satisfaction,
    Success and disappointment still
    Succeed each other as they will,
  'Tis unrest drives the man to action.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For thee is set no bound or measure,
Nibble at all things at thy pleasure;
Snatch what you fancy on the wing,
Much good to you may pleasure bring,
Only set to and be not coy.

FAUST.

Thou hast heard that the talk is not of joy,
To tumult I myself do dedicate
To joy in agony, enamoured hate,
To disappointment that doth animate.
Cured of the thirst of knowledge now, my breast
  No pang that cometh henceforth closed shall find,

I will enjoy, in my inmost self possessed,
All that hath been allotted to mankind.
Grasp in my spirit all, most high—most deep—
Their weal and woe on my own bosom heap,
Expand my nature, till it doth include*
All others, and then perish with the rest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, credit me, who at this hard dry food,
Have gnawed for many a thousand year,
That from the cradle to the bier,
No man the antient leaven can digest.
This mighty whole, believe one like me
Is only for a godhead wrought,
In light eternal dwelleth he,

* A somewhat similar sentiment is expressed in Coleridge's Religious Musings.

No common centre man, no common sire
Knoweth, a sordid solitary thing,
'Mid countless brethren with a lonely heart,
Through courts and cities the smooth savage roams,
Feeling himself, his own lone self the whole,
When he by sacred sympathy might make
The whole one self. Self that no alien knows;
Self far diffused as Fancy's wing can travel,
Self-spreading still, oblivious of its own,
But all in all possessing.

Us hath he unto darkness brought,
And day and night alternately for ye.

FAUST.

But still I will.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis easy said,
Only one thing goeth wrong,
Time is short, art is long;
I thought you'd let yourself be taught.
Have to you a poet brought;
Let him in lofty musing soar,
And upon your honoured head
All qualities ennobling let him pour,
Stoutness of the lion heart,
Speed to match the flying hart,
The Italian's fiery blood,
With the Northman's fortitude;
Let him for you the secret find,
To combine cunning with a lofty mind;
And you, uniting youth's impulses warm
With a set system, into love to charm.

A gentleman like that I fain would know,
Sir Microcosm* the name on him I would bestow.

FAUST.

What am I then, if I cannot contrive
At that crown of humanity to arrive,
To reach which all my senses strive?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou in the end art what thou art;
A thousand locks in thy peruke unite,
Or place thy feet in buskins, yards in height,
Still thou remainest what thou art.

FAUST.

I feel indeed I have gathered to my breast
All treasures that Man's spirit e'er could bring,
And when at last I come to take my rest,
No fresh internal power to life doth spring,

* *Microcosm*, the little world. "Man is so called as being imagined by some fanciful philosophers to have in him something analogous to the four elements."—JOHNSON.

"Philosophers say that man is a microcosm, or little world, resembling in miniature every part of the great, and the body natural may be compared to the body politic."—SWIFT.

I am not now one single hair's-breadth higher,
Nor to the Infinite an atom nigher.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come, my good friend, those things you see
As men such things will look upon;
Matters we must arrange more cleverly
Before life's joys shall be for ever flown.
Why, what the devil! Hands and feet,
And head and passions, they are thine.
All of which the use complete
I can enjoy, is that less mine?
Hiring six horses, if I can,
Are not the powers all mine own?
I dash along a proper man
Borne two dozen legs upon.
Come, up!—let all your ponderings be,
And out into the world with me;
I tell thee one in speculation lost
A beast in a wild heath resembles most;
Driven by an evil spirit round and round,
While fair green meadows all about abound.

FAUST.

How shall we then begin?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Forth even now we'll go.
This is a place of martyrdom indeed,
That is a pretty life for you to lead,
Yourself and all the young ones boring so;
Leave that to Mr. Paunch, your neighbour,
In thrashing straw what useless labour;
And then the choicest of your lore
To tell the youths you do not dare;
Even now I hear one at the door.

FAUST.

To see him now I cannot bear.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poor lad now full long doth wait,
Send him not off disconsolate;
Come, give me your cap and gown,
Me right well the disguise will fit.

He puts them on.

And now trust all things to my wit
But fifteen minutes, I have done,
'Tis all I want; meantime do thou prepare
Thyself, to set out on a journey fair.

FAUST, *ex.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, *in Faust's long robe.*

Reason and Science once despise,*
The loftiest powers of mankind,
Confirming through the sire of lies,
In dark and magic arts thy mind;
Thee then unquestioned I possess,
A spirit to this man hath Fate
Bestowed that still will onward press,
Whose cravings, too importunate,
O'erleap the joys of earth.
Him through wild life will I drag,
Through senseless insipidity
He shall sprawl, grow stiff, and flag;
And then his own insatiability,
Shall dangle meat and drink his greedy lips before,
For aught that yields refreshment shall he pray,
And had he not himself unto the devil given o'er,
Not the less surely had he gone that way.

* Reason in man obscured or not obeyed,
Immediately inordinate desires,
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man, till then free; therefore, since he permits
Within himself unworthy powers to reign
Over free reason, God, in judgment just,
Subjects him from without to violent lords.
Paradise Lost.

A Student enters.

STUDENT.

I came here but few hours ago,
And come in all devotion bowed,
A man to speak to, and to know,
In whose high praises all are loud.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Much by your courtesy am I gratified.
You see a man like unto many more;
Already have you not elsewhere applied?

STUDENT.

Take me to you I do implore;
I come with heart and spirits good,
Money enough, and fresh young blood;
My mother scarce would with me part,
Yet something good from here I fain would learn.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here at the proper place thou art.

STUDENT.

Good truth, already I would hence return:
Each lofty wall, each gloomy hall,
I find do not please me at all;

Here the space is all confined,
Here is no verdure, not a tree
In the halls, on the forms I find,
I cease to hear, or think, or see.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By habit you will ease acquire;
As takes a child the mother's breast,
At first against its own desire,
But soon it sucks away with zest.
Just so will you the breasts of Wisdom find,
Each day still more delightful to your mind.

STUDENT.

Upon her neck will I hang joyfully,
How I can reach her but point out to me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Declare before you further go
What line you take, which faculty.

STUDENT.

Thoroughly learned I wish to be,
And all in heaven and earth to know,
All sciences, too, to embrace,
And all that is of nature known.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here you are on the proper trace,
Take care you be not off it thrown.

STUDENT.

Body and soul are in the task;
But still one comfort I would ask,
A little leisure, free and gay,
On each fine summer holiday.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Make use of time, so fast it flies,
Yet method shews how time to win;
My dear young friend, I would advise
A course of logic first begin;
Your spirit thus so well broke in,
In Spanish boots so tightly screwed,*
In ever circumspective mood
Sneak along the path of thought;
Not in and out uncertain go,
Like the wildfire's fitful glow.
For many days will you be taught,
What erst you settled at one blow.

* An instrument of torture, a boot between which and the leg a wedge was driven.

Simple as meat and drink to thee,
One, two, three, must needful be.
'Tis in the factory of thought,
Like to a web by weaver wrought;
One treadle a thousand threads doth sway,
Hither and thither the shuttles play.
The threads, for speed unseen, fly fast,
Each stroke a thousand ties makes fast;
And then steps in Philosophy*,
And proves to you so it must be;
The first was so, the second so,
Thence must the third and fourth be so.
And had the second and first been not,
The third and fourth had not been known;
Students prize this at every spot,
Yet none of them have weavers grown.
He who would fathom and describe what lives,
His first care is, the spirit out he drives;
Then when he has the parts within his hand,
There wants, alas, the spiritual band;

* "If the logic of that gloomy period could be justly described as 'the art of talking unintelligibly upon matters of which we are ignorant,' its physics might with equal truth be summed up in a deliberate preference of ignorance to knowledge in matters of every day's experience and use."

Herschell's Natural Philosophy.

"Encheirisen naturæ" calls it chemistry,
Mocks itself, and knows not why.

STUDENT.

I cannot understand you perfectly.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Better you will next time—that comes with use,
When you have learned all things to reduce,
And all in their due order classify.

STUDENT.

With all this talk, I so bewildered feel,
As were my head a mill, my brain the wheel.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Next I consider is your plan,
To metaphysics turn your pains;
So in your thoughts profound you'll scan
All that befits not human brains.
A pompous word will serve right well,
What is or is not there to tell;
But first of all, for this half year,
Observe the strictest discipline;
Two lectures every day you'll hear,
As the clocks strikes do you walk in.

Be well prepared yourself before
With paragraphs right well conned o'er,
That you may the better see,
That nought not in the book says he.
Yet write away at such a rate,
As if the Holy Ghost did every word dictate.

STUDENT.

A second time I need not that be told,
I clearly see what use it may become,
For what one has in black and white enroll'd
With much contentment can one carry home

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But choose me now a faculty.

STUDENT.

The law I fear will never do for me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot take that very much amiss;
I know indeed what jurisprudence is:
From sire to son pass laws and statutes ever,
Like to an hereditary fever;
They drag along from race to race,
And steal about from place to place.

Reason is madness, and kindness vexation,
Woe to thee that thou tookest as a grandson thy station;
But of that law that all of us have from our birth,
Of that law no question is raised upon earth.

STUDENT.

You add to my aversion, happy he
Whose lot it is by you thus taught to be,
I'd almost now study theology.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would not willingly lead you astray,
In what concerns this science, verily
It is so hard to keep in the right way,
So much concealed poison lies within,
'Tis hard to part it from the medicine;
Here too 'tis best, that only one you hear,
And then unto the master's word you swear.
Upon the whole—stick fast to words;
A mass of words alone a path affords,
Through the gates of the Fane of certainty.

STUDENT.

But still some meaning in the word must be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

True, but one need not tease oneself for this,
For where the meaning wanting is,
A word supplies it timeously.
With words how gloriously we war,
With words how well a system can prepare;
On words we well can pin a belief unshaken,
And from a word, no jot can e'en be taken.

STUDENT.

Pardon me, that with questions I delay
And tease you, yet I must beg one thing more,
That you would be so good as just to say
About the healing art one word of power.

* "The studying of words, and not matter, is so justly contemptible, that as Hercules, when he saw the image of Adonis, Venus' minion, in a temple, said in disdain *nil sacri es*, so there are none of Hercules's followers in learning, that is in the more severe and laborious toil of inquiries after truth, but will despise these delicacies and affectations as capable of no divineness. Indeed, it seems to me, that Pygmalion's frenzy is a good emblem and portraiture of this vanity; for words are but the images of matter, and except they have the life of reason and invention, to fall in love with them is all as one as to fall in love with a picture."—*Bacon.*

Three years will quickly slip away,
And then the field is very wide,
Were one but with a hint or two supplied,
One much more easily would feel the way.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of this dry tone I am well nigh tired out,
Now once again must I the devil play. [*aside.*
The spirit of medicine easily one seizes,
Study the great world and the small throughout,
That in the end you let all things fall out,
Just as God pleases.
In vain ye flounder learnedly,
Each learns only what he can,
And he that seizes opportunity,
He is in truth the proper man.*
You in person passably well made,
And surely will not fail in impudence,
Be in yourself your confidence displayed,
All other souls will give their confidence.
Learn from the first with woman how to deal,
Their everlasting Ahs! and Ohs!
All their thousand little woes.

* There is a tide in the affairs, &c. &c. &c. Probably the reader knows the remainder of the passage already.

From one point is for all the cure,
And if you act with an air half demure,
Then have you all of them beneath your thumb.
First your diploma gives assurance due,
That your art many arts doth overcome;
Then a hearty welcome you attends
To all the little odds and ends,
For which in vain another years may try;
Learn how to feel the pulse too, meaningly
With hot sly glances, round the taper waist
Clasp them, to feel how tightly they are laced.

STUDENT.

That seems all right, one sees where, how and why.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Grey, my dear friend, is now all theory,
But ever green of life the golden tree.

STUDENT.

I swear this all is as a dream to me;
Might I then for another time implore,
To probe your wisdom in its depths once more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whate'er I can shall willingly be done.

STUDENT.

I cannot possibly from hence begone
Without my album handing you, to crave
That I this token of your grace may have.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With pleasure. (*He writes and returns it.*)

STUDENT. (*Reads.*)

Eritis secut Deus scientes bonum et malum.
(*Shuts it reverentially, and takes his leave.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Only follow the saying of old and my excellent cousin
the snake,
Your resemblance to God you will find sometime will
make your head ache.

FAUST *enters.*

FAUST.

Well, where shall we go now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where'er it pleases thee,
The little world, then the great we shall see.
With what enjoyment and what profit too,
The course I open thou shalt revel through.

FAUST.

But with my beard so long and gaunt
The ease and confidence of life I want,
No success the attempt will have:
I know not in the world how to behave,
I before others feel myself so small
I shall at once into confusion fall.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That, my good friend, will all with practice come,
Confide but in yourself, at once you are at home.

FAUST.

But tell me how we forth shall fare,
Whence hast thou carriage, servants, steeds?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To spread this mantle out, is all that needs,
That shall support us through the air;
But at this step thou takest so gallantly,
Right slender must thy baggage be;
A little fire air that I shall prepare,
Us from the earth will upwards heave,
If we be light we mount fast in the air,
Now on thy life's new course my compliments receive.

AUERBACH'S CELLAR, IN LEIPZIG.*

Party of merry fellows.

FROSCH.

Will no one drink? will no one laugh?
I'll teach ye all to make wry faces;
Ye smoulder now like wetted chaff,
Yet flared up formerly like blazes.†

BRANDER.

The fault is yours, you bring not here
Tomfoolery or swinish cheer.

FROSCH.

Pours a glass of wine over his head.

Then have you both.

BRANDER.

You double boar.

* A cellar under an old house in Leipzig, where wine and beer is still sold; and where, according to tradition, this scene was enacted by Faust and his familiar. Two daubs represent it on the walls.

† *Lichterloh brennen*, to burn brightly.

FROSCH.

You would have it, one must be so.

SIEBEL.

Who quarrels, we will shew the door;
Good fellows all, sing, shout, and roar,
And swill away, Ho! Hollo! Ho!

ALTMAJER.

Oh, mercy, bring some cotton here,
I'm floored, the fellow splits my ear.

SIEBEL.

When the arches re-echo the thundering peal,
The majestical might of the base you may feel.*

FROSCH.

He that can't take a joke, to the door be he shewn,
Ah, tara, lara, da.

ALTMAJER.

Ah, tara, lara, da.

FROSCH.

Our throats now are tuned to the orthodox tone.

* *Basses Grundgewalt*, the fundamental might of the base.

Sings.

The holy Roman empire, how
The dear old lady holds till now,—

BRANDER.

A hideous song—fie, a political lay;
A tiresome song; be thankful, day by day,
That to the cares of state you've nought to say;
At least I hold it all clear gain to me,
Nor Emperor nor Chancellor to be;
But without a chairman our sport to direct,
We never can get on, so a pope* we'll elect.
Ye all know right well, what qualification
†Turns the balance, and leads to the man's elevation.

FROSCH. (*Sings.*)

Up, up! Lady Nightingale, up on the wing,
Ten thousand salutes to my sweetheart to sing.

* The electing what may be called master of the revels, has been common to all ages and countries; but the form of expression used by Brander, implied a confession of faith besides, its irreverent use of the Pope's name being understood to convey a renunciation of his authority.

† *Den ausschlag gibt*, the tongue of the scales, *striking out* to one side, indicating to which side the scale inclines.

SIEBEL.

No salute to the sweetheart, I'll stand no such thing.

FROSCH.

Ay, salute to the sweetheart, and many a kiss,
Neither you nor aught other shall hinder me this.

Sings.

Open bolt, 'tis solemn night;
Open bolt, the loved one watches;
Shut bolt, 'tis morning's light.

SIEBEL.

Ay, sing and praise her in your senseless catches,
I, in my turn, will laugh to see
Her humbug you as she humbugged me.
For a lover a Cobold be on her bestowed,
That will woo her, as fit, on a ghostly cross-road.
Or a rough old he-goat, from the Blocksberg returning,
On his gallop may nod her good-night or good-morning;
But a gallant young fellow of true flesh and blood,
For a wench such as that is a great deal too good.
For her no salute will I hear of at all,
Unless smashing her windows, saluting you call.

BRANDER—*striking the table.*

Attend, attend! obedience give!
Admit that I know how to live.
Lovesick folks are sitting round,
From me they something shall receive
Suited to their situation,
A treat before we bid good-night.
Silence. A song of bran new fashion,
And join the chorus main and might.

He sings.

A rat did in the cellar dwell;
He lived on fat and butter,
Until his paunch began to swell
As round as Doctor Luther.
The cook set poison on the floor;
Ah, then the world pinched him sore,
As in his body Love he bore.

Chorus.

As in his body Love he bore.

BRANDER.

Raced here and there, raced in and out,
And every puddle sought;
He gnawed and scratched the house throughout,
His rage availed him nought;

Gave many a jump of anguish sore;
Soon with the poor beast all was o'er,
As in his body Love he bore.

At last for pain, in open day
The kitchen entered he,
Fell on the hearth, and writhed and lay,
And panted piteously.
With laughter did the poisoner roar;
Ah soon, said she, he'll gape no more,
As in his body Love he bore.

SIEBEL.

How they rejoice, these fellows rude,
A proper art, it seems to me,
For the poor rats that poison strewed.

BRANDER.

They in your favour seem to be.

ALTMAJER.

The fat man with the pate so bald,
With ill-luck, tame, and mild is he,
In the swollen rat he doth behold
His likeness, like as like can be.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I must conduct you, first of all,
Into some jovial company,
To shew how lightly life slips by;
To these each day's a festival.
With little sense, but plenty still of fun,
Each one doth round his little circle run,
Like kitten hunting its own tail;
And if no headache they bewail,
So long the host will credit give,
Happy, and without care they live.

BRANDER.

Travellers put off their journey these,
As by their curious ways one sees,
Not one hour here they seem to be.

FROSCH.

Thou art right, my Leipzig is the place for me,
It is a little Paris—forms its men.

SIEBEL.

For what takest thou the strangers then?

FROSCH.

Let me alone, e're one a bumper drains,
As easy as you'd draw a child's tooth out,
I'll warrant me I'll pick the fellows brains;
Sprigs of nobility I have little doubt,
They've such a proud and discontented air.

BRANDER.

I'll make a bet that mountebanks they are.

ALTMAJER.

Perhaps.

FROSCH.

Attend, I'll trot them out.

MEPHISTOPHELES *to Faust.*

People like these detect the Devil not
Even when them he has by the collar got.

FAUST.

Good morning, gentlemen.

SIEBEL.

Thanks, we salute
You in return.

Aside, looking askance at Mephistopheles.

How he limps on one foot.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Is it allowed ourselves with you to set?
Instead of decent wine, which here we cannot get,
Such company may well our hearts content.

ALTMAJER.

Your taste appears extremely delicate.

FROSCH.

From Rippach sure you must have started late;
Did you sup there with Hans* before you went?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We passed that gentleman to-day,
Had some talk with him on the way;
Of his relations had he much to say,
And bade us, unto each, his compliments convey.
He bows to Frosch.

ALTMAJER, *aside.*

You've caught it,—he's awake.

SIEBLL.

Wide awake, verily,

FROSCH.

No; wait, I'll be down on him by and by.

* Hans von Rippach—a sort of German Duke Humphery.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If I mistake not, we did hear
In chorus practised voices sing;
Truly from the arched ceiling here,
Music most gloriously must ring.

FROSCH.

An amateur no doubt are you.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, no! my skill is small, but great is my desire.

ALTMAJER.

Give us a song.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As many as you require.

SIEBEL.

Only take care that it is spick span new.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Lately returned from Spain are we,
That beauteous land of wine and minstrelsy.

Sings.

Oh, once there was a king,
That a large flea did own.

FROSCH.

Hark, 'tis a flea, did ye all understand?
A flea's as fine a fellow as any in the land.

MEPHISTOPHELES *sings.*

Oh, once there was a king,
That a large flea did own,
And little less he loved
This flea than his own son.
Then called he to his tailor,
Who soon was at his side,
Take measure of this younker,
For clothes, and breeches beside.

BRANDER.

Mind, in the tailor inculcate
Accurately to measure it;
And, if he values ought his pate,
Without a crease the breeches sit.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In velvet and in silk
Now was this great flea dressed,

Had ribbons on his coat,
And a cross upon his breast,
And minister he soon became,
And a great star did sport,
And then all his relations
Became great folks at court.

Then the court lords and ladies
Were terribly annoyed;
The queen and all her waiting maids
Were bitten, and stung, and gnawed;
But still they dared not crack them,
Dared not away them fling,
But we'd soon crack and choak them,
If us they dare to sting.*

Chorus.

But we'll soon crack and choak them,
If us they dare to sting.

FROSCH.

Bravo, bravo, well sung all.

SIEBEL.

So, shall every flea befall.

* Those golden flies,
That, basking in the sunshine of a court,
Fatten on its corruption. What are they?
The drones of the community.—*Shelley.*

BRANDER.

Point the finger, and nick them fine.

ALTMAJER.

Hurrah for freedom, hurrah for wine.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll gladly drink a glass in honour of the free,
Were the wine but a little better quality.

SIEBEL.

We don't wish that remark again to hear.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The host would be displeased I fear,
Else for such worthy company
A treat I from our cellar could supply.

SIEBEL.

I'll take the blame, let's have it here.

FROSCH.

Only give us good wine, and our praise shall be ample;
But take care that you give not too stingy a sample.

If I an opinion must give as a judge,
I must have a good mouthful without stint or grudge.

ALTMAJER, *aside.*

They're from the Rhine I calculate.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bring here a gimblet.

BRANDER.

Why, what for?
You've not your barrels at the gate.

ALTMAJER.

Our host's tool-chest's behind the door.

MEPHISTOPHELES *takes the gimblet—to Frosch.*

Now tell me what your taste may be.

FROSCH.

How mean you, have you got so many sorts?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To each and all I leave it free.

ALTMAJER *to Frosch.*

You lick your lips already at the thoughts.

FROSCH.

Good, if the choice be mine, Rhine wine will I command,
The fairest gifts of all come from the Fatherland.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Bores a hole at the part of the rim of the table where Frosch sits.

Now get a little wax, the corks to fix.

ALTMAJER.

Oh! that is nothing more than jugglers' tricks.

MEPHISTOPHELES *to Brander.*

And you?

BRANDER.

A glass of good Champagne for me,
And gaily sparkling let it be.

[MEPHISTOPHELES *bores; in the meantime one of them has made the wax corks, and stopped the holes.*

BRANDER.

One cannot always foreign things avoid,
Things that are good so often distant be;
A Frenchman no true German can abide,
But still their wine he drinks right willingly.

SIEBEL—*when Mephistopheles approaches his place.*

I must confess, sour wine's no wine for me;
Give me a glass of genuine sweet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Tokay shall flow your will to meet.

ALTMAJER.

Now, Gentlemen, in the face look me full,
I see you're only making fools of us.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, no, indeed! with guests so worshipful,
That were indeed a little venturous;
But quick speak out, and let me know
What wine for you I bid to flow.

ALTMAJER.

Any, only don't be slow.

As soon as all the holes are bored and stopped,
MEPHISTOPHELES—*with curious gestures.*

Grapes the vine doth bear,
Horns doth the he-goat rear,
The wine is juicy, wood the vine,
The wooden table too bears wine.

A glance into nature's depths receive,
Here is a miracle, only believe.
Now draw the corks and take your fill.

ALL.

When they have drawn the corks and the required liquor into each glass flows,
Oh, beauteous spring, that flows so gloriously.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Only take care that nought you spill.
[*They drink repeatedly.*

All sing.

Like cannibals our jollity,
As if five hundred swine were we.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The people are free, see how merry they be.

FAUST.

I should be glad to go away.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

First watch how bestiality
Will itself gloriously display.

SIEBEL.

Drinks carelessly; the wine falls on the earth and becomes flame.

Help! Fire! Help! Hell's flames are here.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *conjuring the flame.*

Be quiet, friendly element.

To the fellow.

This time was but a drop from purgatory sent.

SIEBEL.

What's that? Wait, you shall pay it dear;
It seems that us you do not know.

FROSCH.

A second time such tricks he'd better shew.

ALTMAJER.

I think we'd better quietly let him go.

SIEBEL.

What, Sir, how dare you practise thus
Your hocus pocus upon us?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Silence! old wine-cask.

SIEBEL.

Broomstick! dare you
Towards us with insolence to bear you?

BRANDER.

Wait a bit,—blows shall rain around.

ALTMAJER.

[*Draws a cork from the table and fire flashes out against him.*

I burn! I burn!

SIEBEL.

Sorcery,
Hark at him, 'tis an outlawed hound.*

[*They draw their knives and attack Mephistopheles.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, *with earnest gesture.*

Lying speech!
Cheating form!
Sense! Place!
Transform!

* *Vogelfrei* outlawed; *gerat caput lupinum*, he bears a wolf's head, any one may kill him.

Flit hither!
Flit thither!

[*They stop astonished, and gaze at one another.*

ALTMAJER.

Where am I? what a beauteous land!

FROSCH.

Why, vineyards! see I right?

SIEBEL.

Nay, grapes at hand!

BRANDER.

Here beneath this bower so green,
See what a vine, what grapes are to be seen!

[*He seizes Siebel by the nose, and the others do so to one another, and raise their knives.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Error, take off the bandage from their eyes,
And ye, beware the Devil's pleasantries!

[*He vanishes with Faust, the companions part.*

SIEBEL.

What is the matter?

ALTMAJER.

What!

FROSCH.

Was that thy nose?

BRANDER *to Siebel.*

And upon thine my fingers do I close.

ALTMAJER.

'Twas such a shock, through all my limbs that passed.
Bring me a chair—I'm sinking fast.

FROSCH.

But what may it all be? Tell me, I pray.

SIEBEL.

Where is the fellow? Could I catch him,
With life he should not get away.

ALTMAJER.

Through the cellar door myself did watch him,
Upon a barrel ride away.
Heavy as lead my feet are growing,
[*Turns towards the table.*
By Jove! I wonder is the wine still flowing.

SIEBEL.

All was deception, lying, and illusion.

FROSCH.

I thought I drank wine—'twas a strange delusion.

BRANDER.

What with the grapes,—how was it possible?

ALTMAJER.

Now, tell me not to believe a miracle?

WITCHES' KITCHEN.*

A large caldron stands over the fire on a low hearth. In the steam that rises from it divers phantoms appear. A she-monkey sits by the caldron and skims it, and takes care that it does not run over; the he sits near it with the young one and warms himself. The walls and roof are decked out with extraordinary witch furniture.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

This bedlam witchcraft sickens me.
Dost promise me recovery, indeed,

* Menzel devotes a whole chapter to the judicial proceedings in Germany against witches, at the period when Faust flourished, viz., the early part of the 16th century, of which it may be enough to say, that they commonly terminated tragically. His account of the belief as to their practices prevalent at that time may be interesting:—"The accused woman can raise storms, kill from a distance, occasion sickness by a look, brew love potions, kindle unnatural hate and love, &c., with the help of the devil. She learned the art from another woman, who either had introduced her to the devil in the shape of a sweetheart,

From this filth of lunacy?*
From an old woman do I counsel need?
Will this dogsmeat mess† then take
Full thirty years from off my back?

generally as a youth, or from whom she had received the witch ointment. She strips herself, anoints herself with the ointment, seizes a broom, distaff, spit, he-goat, or oven-fork, cat, &c., &c., mounts it, calls out, "Out above, and towards nowhere," and proceeds through the chimney-pot to the great Witches' Sabbath, on the Blocksberg,* in the Walpurgis-night. Here all the witches assemble, dance with their backs turned to one another, and perform obscene rites to a black goat, which, in the end, takes fire and consumes, and the witches gather the ashes for magic purposes. Each then returns to the steed she has provided for the adventure, and returns home. Thenceforth the devil comes to the woman as a gallant, carries on an intrigue with her, and gives her power to practice sorcery, but keeps her in poverty and ill-usage."—MENZEL, chap. 496.

* *Wust*, means filth, not chaos.

† *Sudelköcherei*, kitchen-stuff, off-scourings. *Sudelküche* is the scullery.

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* "Upon the Blocksberg, or Broken, is the chief dance for all Germany. In Sweden the place is called Blokula. It signifies, as regards the time (the first of May), and the symbol (the worshipping and consuming of the goat, as of the symbol of fertility), a remnant of ancient heathenism. In Swabia the witches assembled in the Henburg, near Balingen."—MENZEL. Note to chapter on *Witch Prosecutions*.

Woe me, if nothing more to you is known,
Already is my hope for ever flown!
Can Nature and a noble spirit find
No balsam, then, of any sort or kind?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend, now speak you sensibly once more:
There is a natural way youth to restore.
But in another book it stands enrolled,
And forms a chapter truly wondrous strange.

FAUST.

I choose to know it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, then, without gold,
Physic, or witchcraft, to effect this change,
Take to the fields at once, begin
To hoe and dig, thyself shut in,
Body and mind alike, within
A narrow circle, closely pent;
Be the simplest food thy nourishment;
Live with beasts as a beast, and think no ill
To manure yourself the land you till.
This, believe me, is the method true,
At eighty years old one's youth to renew.

FAUST.

I am not used to it, nor could persuade
Myself within my hand to take the spade.
A life confined would not suit me at all.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, then, the witch we to our aid must call.

FAUST.

But why will none but this old woman do—
Can'st thou thyself not this elixir brew?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, yes! that were indeed a proper sport,
To build a thousand bridges were as short.
Not art and science only doth it ask:
Patience is also needful to the task.
A tranquil spirit labours for a length
Of years, 'tis time gives his fine liquor strength,
And all that doth belong thereto,
Are very wondrous things indeed,
The Devil has taught it her, 'tis true,
And yet himself would not succeed.
[*Glancing at the monkeys.*
What charming creatures, only see,
The maid is that, the boy is he.

(*To the Beasts.*)
It seems that your lady is not in the house?

THE BEASTS.

At the feast so gay,
She is out of the house,
Up by the chimney-stone, out and away.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How long for her revelling does she require?

THE BEASTS.

The time we are warming our paws at the fire.

MEPHISTOPHELES *to Faust.*

The tender beasts how do you find?

FAUST.

More hideous things I ne'er beheld.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, that discourse we just have held,
Is more than any other to my mind.
(*To the Beasts.*)
Accursed whelps! now tell me what
Is't you are stirring in the pot?

THE BEASTS.

Coarse beggars' broth is what we cook.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And for much custom may ye look.

The HE *approaches and fawns upon Mephistopheles.*

Oh, the dice quickly throw,
That rich I may grow,
And let me gain:
I cannot be worse.
Oh, had I the purse,
I should soon have the brain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How happy this poor ape would be,
Could he put in the lottery.

[*In the meantime the young monkeys are playing with a great ball, and rolling it about.*

THE HE.

That is the world,
It rises and sinks,

Unceasingly whirled,
  Like glasses it clinks.
How easy that breaks,
  It is hollow at core;
What a glitter it makes,
  And here more and more.
I still live on,
My darling son.
Keep from it away,
  For thou must die.
It is made of clay,
  And will tumble to potsherds by and by.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What means the sieve?

[*The He fetches it down.*

If thou wast a thief,
  I soon should know.

[*He runs to the She, and makes her look through it.*

Look through the sieve;
  Knowest thou the thief?
And yet thou darest not call him so.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *approaching the fire.*

And then this pot?

HE *and* SHE.

The simpleton! what!
He knows not the pot,
He knows not the kettle.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Rude animal! Hush!

HE.

Come, take hold of this brush,
And sit down on the settle.

[*He makes* MEPHISTOPHELES *sit down.*

FAUST,

Who all this time has stood before a looking-glass, alternately approaching it, and retiring from it.

What do I see? what heavenly form displays
This magic mirror to my raptured gaze?
Oh, lend me, Love, the swiftest of thy pinions,
And lead me quickly to her blessed dominions.
Alas, to the same spot if rooted here
I stand not, if I venture to draw near,
Straightway a mist around that shape is rolled,
Of woman's form the fairest to behold.
Is it possible,—can woman be so fair?

Must I behold, within this form reclined,
The essence of all Paradise enshrined?*
Is it allowed to Earth such bliss to share?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis natural, that when a god six days
Toils, and when all is finished, Bravo! says,
Something should turn up that his skill displays.
For this time look your fill, and when inclined,
Some such a charmer for you I can find.

* The reader will recollect the somewhat similar passage in As You Like It.

Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarged:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.

How blessed is he, by happy fate decreed,
As bridegroom that fair creature home to lead.

[FAUST *continues gazing in the mirror.* MEPHISTOPHELES *lounging on the settle, and playing with the brush, continues speaking.*

Here sit I like the King upon the throne;
The sceptre hold I here, I want the crown alone.

[*The* BEASTS, *who hitherto have been performing all sorts of out-of-the-way antics with one another, bring* MEPHISTOPHELES *a crown, with loud chattering.*

Oh, be but so good,
With sweat and with blood
The crown to smear.

[*They handle the crown awkwardly, and break it into two pieces, with which they dance about.*

Now it is done,
We see and speak on,
We rhyme and we hear.

FAUST—*towards the mirror.*

Woe's me! alas, how crazed I feel.

MEPHISTOPHELES—*pointing to the monkeys.*
And even my brain begins to reel.

THE BEASTS.

With a lucky hit,
When all things are fit,
Then thoughts appear.

FAUST—*as above.*

Flames are burning in my breast,
Hence right swiftly let us flee.

MEPHISTOPHELES—*in the same position.*

Well, it must be at least confessed,
Honest poets these ones be.

[*The caldron which the* SHE *has for some time neglected begins to boil over, a great flame arises, and blazes out by the chimney stone. The* WITCH *descends through the flame with hideous clamour.*

THE WITCH.

Au! Au!
Infernal beast, accursed sow,
Neglecting the caldron, scorching the dame,
Accursed beast.

[*Seeing* FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

What is that here?
Who are ye here?
With what intent,
Ye sneaking came?
The pang of flame
Your bones torment.

[*She dips with the ladle into the caldron, and sprinkles fire towards Faust, Mephistopheles, and the beasts; the beasts whimper.*

MEPHISTOPHELES *inverts the fan that he held in his hand, and strikes out among the glasses and pots.*

Smash, crash,
There lies the trash;
There the glass lies in smash;
'Tis but a joke, beating time you see,
You carrion hag, to your melody.

[*The* WITCH *draws back full of rage and amazement.*

Knowest thou me not? skeleton! scarecrow!
Thy lord and master dost thou then not know?
What hinders me, that home I do not strike?
You and your monkey devils, smash alike?

For the red doublet hast thou no more respect?
And the cock's feather canst not recollect?
Did I my countenance conceal?
Must I ever my name reveal?

THE WITCH.

Oh, Lord, forgive the rough salute,
I did not see the horse's foot.
And where then are your ravens twain?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For this time pardon you obtain,
For 'tis, in truth, long time since we
One another have chanced to see.
Refinement, that the whole world now will taste,
Has reached the Devil in its course at last.
The Northern Phantom stalks no more about.
Where see you ever horns, or tail, or claws?
The meaning of the foot, I cannot do without,
Would in society some scandal cause;
Therefore, like many a gay young man, I wear
False calves, and have done so for many a year.

THE WITCH, *dancing*.

I feel my senses turning, and my brain,
To see the gallant Satan here again.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

From that name, my good woman, pray refrain.

THE WITCH.

Why, what's it done to you ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Since years of old
That name has been in story-books enrolled,
And yet from that mankind has little gained :
Free from the Evil One the evil ones remained.
Call me Lord Baron, 'twill be very good,
Like other cavaliers I am a cavalier ;
Thou doubtest nothing of my noble blood,
And for the arms I bear, behold them here.

[*He makes an indecent gesture, the* WITCH *laughing immoderately.*

Ha, ha ! at your old tricks once more :
As much a scamp even now as e'er you were before.

MEPHISTOPHELES *to* FAUST.

My friend, attend to this, and understand,
With witches to converse this is the way.

THE WITCH.

Now, gentlemen, what please you to command ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A good glass of that well-known liquor, pray ;
Let it be of the oldest, may I ask :
Age doth its body twice as potent make.

THE WITCH.

Right willingly. Here, I have got a flask,
From which a drop myself I sometimes take,
That also in the least no longer stinks,
So you a glass I joyfully will give. [*aside.*
But unprepared, if this man of it drinks,
Right well, you know, an hour he cannot live.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He's a friend of mine—'twill agree with him well.
I grudge not the best of your brewing for him ;
So draw round your circle and speak out your spell,
And give him a cup, full up to the brim.

[*The Witch, with strange gestures, draws a circle, and places extraordinary objects in it, whereupon the glasses beginning to ring, and the caldron to sound, make music. Finally, she brings a great book, places the monkeys in the circle, to serve as a desk and hold the torch ; she beckons to* FAUST *to approach.*

FAUST *to* MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now tell me what all this my be—
These frantic gestures—that mad stuff;
This most disgusting jugglery
I know, and I detest enough.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Pooh, 'tis a jest! Don't so fastidious be,
For in her character of physician, she
Some absurd hocus pocus must go through,
So that the draught may do some good to you.

[*He compels* FAUST *to enter the circle.*

THE WITCH, *with great emphasis, begins to declaim out of the book.*

Thou must know,
From one make ten,
And let two go.
Three ever make three,
So thou art rich,
And drop the four
From five and six,
So says the Witch:
Make seven and eight,

So all is done,
And nine is one
And ten is nine,
The Witch's way to calculate.

FAUST.

The old hag seems to me to be delirious.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There's more to come—so doth the whole book chime.
I know it well, on it have spent much time.
Self-contradiction if complete and serious,
Remains for fools and wise alike mysterious.
Ancient and modern is the art, my friend,
In all times customary found,
Through three and one and one and three to extend
Error, instead of truth, around.
So prattle they, so teach they in the schools,
Unchallenged. Who will meddle with the fools?
When words alone they hear, the way of all mankind
Is to suppose that there some thoughts too they will find.

THE WITCH *continues.*

The lofty might
Of wisdom's light,
From the whole world concealed;

Who thinketh nought,
To him 'tis brought,
'Tis without care revealed.

FAUST.

What sort of nonsense does she chatter?
My head splits with her noise uproarious.
Methinks I hear with hideous clatter
A hundred thousand fools in chorus.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Enough, enough! Oh, glorious sybil, end!
Give us the beverage and the cup,
Quick, to the very brim fill up,
The draught can do no mischief to my friend;
For he, a man of high degree, hath quaffed
Already many a lusty draught.

[THE WITCH, *with many ceremonies, pours the potion into a cup. As* FAUST *raises it to his mouth a light flame rises.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come, down with it!—don't hesitate:
It speedily will warm your heart.
You, with the Devil so intimate,
Indeed, at flame must never start.

[THE WITCH *breaks up the circle.* FAUST *steps out.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But now, away—you must not rest.

THE WITCH.

Much good the potion may do you.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If for you I ought can do,
Prefer on May-night your request.

THE WITCH.

Here is a song, sing it now and again;
A peculiar emotion you'll find it inspire.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come quickly, be guided, to business amain,
Above all things 'tis needful that you should perspire,
That its strength may pervade you within and without.
Now idleness lordly I'll teach you to treasure,
And soon you will feel with internal pleasure,
How Cupid is stirring and leaping about.

FAUST.

Quick, let me once more in the mirror gaze,
Too fair that woman form that it displays.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, no, the model of all woman kind,
You soon shall see before you bodily. *(aside)*
With such a drink as this in you you'll find
A Helen in each woman that you see.

THE STREET.

FAUST—MARGARET *passing over.*

My fair young lady, may I dare,
My arm and escort offer thee.

MARGARET.

Am no young lady nor yet fair,
Can go home without company.
[*She frees herself and departs.*

FAUST.

By Heavens, but this child is fair;
I ne'er have seen such loveliness,
Such virtuous and modest air,
Yet something snappish not the less.
Her ruby lips, her gleaming cheek,
My life long shall I not forget.
And how the ground her eyes did seek;
Deep in my heart their seal they set.
How quick and home her answers went;
It is a perfect ravishment.

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*

FAUST.

Thou must get me that maiden fair.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, which?

FAUST.

That one that just passed by.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She comes from her confessor's chair,
With absolution plenary;
Up to the chair I crept quite close;
With sin that girl is undefiled,
For nothing to confession goes;
I have no power o'er the child.

FAUST.

She's fourteen years if she's an hour.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There, like Hans Liederlich you rave,
Who covets every lovely flower,
Fancies all honour he can have,
And favours for mere plucking, still
Such things come not always at will.

FAUST.

My very worthy moral preacher,
Leave me in peace, I want no teacher.

But once for all, you I assure,
Unless that damsel, young and pure,
This night within my arms reposes,
At midnight our connection closes.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Think what may and may not be:
A fortnight I at least require
To find an opportunity.

FAUST.

Seven hours were all I should desire,
And hold the Devil of little use,
That little monkey to seduce.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You like a Frenchman rave away;
But fret not about it, I pray.
Why hurry to enjoyment straight?
The pleasure is not half so great,
As when you first right thoroughly,
With all sorts of tomfoolery,
The doll have moulded, to your fancy wrought,
As many a tale of Italy hath taught.

FAUST.

Without that, I have appetite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now, without joke, and without jest,
I tell you, with that maiden bright
Things cannot be so hotly pressed;
Here we by storm can nothing take,
With stratagem our way must make.

FAUST.

Bring me some token of that child of heaven,
Or lead me to her place of rest.
Bring me a kerchief from her breast,
A garter of my charmer even.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That you may see that to your woes
I proffer service free and fair,
Not one moment will we lose;
To-day into her room you will I bear.

FAUST.

And shall I see her?—possess her?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No;
She will be in a friend's house near,
So that you can in solitude,

In hope of new beatitude,
Revel unchecked in her sweet atmosphere.

FAUST.

Can we at once into her chamber go?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so; it is too early yet.

FAUST.

Some present for her see and get.

[*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Presents already; right, he'll sure succeed.
I know of many a well-lined place, indeed,
And many a treasure long hid in the ground,
I must a little look once more around.

EVENING.

A small cleanly chamber.

MARGARET, *braiding and binding her hair.*

Something I'd give, did I but know
Who that gentleman might be;
Right gallant did his bearing show,
And he's of noble family.
That in his forehead might be seen,
He had not else so forward been.

[*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES. FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come in, quite softly, but come in.

FAUST, *after a short silence.*

Oh, leave me here alone, I pray.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *looking round.*

Not every maid has things so clean.

FAUST, *gazing about.*

Welcome, sweet twilight's glimmering ray,
That dimly on this hallowed spot doth brood;
Seize on my heart, oh Love's delicious pan,
That pining makest the Dew of Hope thy food.
Oh, what a sense of stillness here doth reign,
Breathing what order, what contentedness,
What plenty doth this poverty contain,
And in this dungeon even what blessedness.

[*He throws himself on the leathern chair by the bed.*

Receive me, thou from whom the world long gone,
In weal and woe a welcome oft have found;
How often circling the paternal throne,
Thee have a host of children clustered round.
Perchance, too, thankful for her Christmas gift,
With childhood's chubby cheeks, my darling here
In pious fondness to her lips would lift
The hand all withered of her grandsire dear.
Maiden, I feel thy spirit hovering near,
That mother-like doth teach thee, day by day,
The table, with its snow-white cloth to lay,
To strew the sand that crisps beneath thy feet.
Oh, that dear hand, that godlike hand of thine.
Through thee this hut becomes a realm divine.
And here—

[*He raises a bed curtain.*

What a delicious trembling, blissful fear
Seizes me. Long hours could I linger here.
Nature! Here, in dreams of lightness,
Broughtest thou this angel-born to perfect brightness.
Here lay the child, with glowing life,
Its tender bosom ever rife.
And here each impulse, sanctified and pure;
The godlike image did itself mature.

And thou, what tempted thee in here to steal?
What deep heartfelt emotion do I feel.
What wouldst thou here? why doth thy heart sink so?
Poor mean-souled Faust, thee I no longer know.

And if this moment she returned again,
For thy transgression how wouldst thou atone?
The greatest boaster, ah, how little then,
Melted to reverence at her feet lay thrown.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quick, coming from below the girl I see.

FAUST.

Away, away! here I return no more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here is a casket, it weighs heavily.
From somewhere else the prize I bore.
Quick, put it in the press—in there;
It will turn her head, I swear.
I put some little things within,
Some one else to win.
But child is child, and play is play.

FAUST.

I know not; shall I?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Dost delay?
Perchance you mean yourself to keep the prize.
In that case I your rakishness would advise
On it no more to waste the glorious hours of day,
And further trouble to save me,
I trust you are not miserly.
I rub my hands, and scratch my head—

[*He puts the casket in the press, and shuts it again.*

Away—the bolt is sped.
Now, the youthful lovely girl,
To your heart's desire to twist and twirl.
Yet from your air
It seems as in the lecture room you were,

Before you standing, bodily and grey,
Physics and Metaphysics there.
Away!

MARGARET, *with a lamp.*

It feels so close, so musty here,
[*She opens the window.*
Yet outside does not warm appear.
I know not what doth o'er me come;
Would that my mother were at home.
O'er all my limbs it seemed a shudder played.
Well, I am but a silly fearful maid.

She begins to sing whilst she is undressing herself.

There was a king in Thule,
Right true unto the grave,
To him his sweetheart, dying,
A golden goblet gave.

Nought prized he more; at every feast
He drained it evermore,
And every time he drunk from it,
With tears his eyes ran o'er.

On his death-bed, his cities
He counted one by one;
Grudged nought to his successor,
Save this dear cup alone.

He sat at the regal banquet,
Round stood his chivalry,
In the high ancestral chamber,
In his castle by the sea.

There stood the ancient toper,
Then his last draught quaffed he;
Then flung the hallowed goblet,
Down in the deep, deep sea.

He saw it falling, falling,
Till in the deep it sank;
His eyes failed as he watched it.
No drop more e'er he drank.

[*She opens the press to put away her clothes and perceives the cashet.*

How comes this pretty casket here to be?
I locked the press most certainly.
'Tis wonderful; what can there be within?
Perchance by some one as a pledge brought in,
And that my mother money lent on it.
There to the ribbon hangs a key;
'Twere no great harm, methinks, to open it.
What is that? God in heaven! see!
I ne'er have seen such things in all my life.
Gems! Why, decked out in these, a noble's wife

Upon the highest holiday might go.
I wonder how on me the chain would show.
Whose all these fine things are I fain would know.
[*She puts them on and walks to the glass.*
If but the earrings only were mine own.
One looks a different creature with them on.
What use is beauty? what is youth?
That is all very well in truth.
And then the world leaves all alone.
Half pity doth its praise express.
For gold contend,
On gold depend
Still all. Alas, we moneyless!

PROMENADE.

FAUST *in a reverie, walking up and down.*
MEPHISTOPHELES *meets him.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By the pangs of despised love—by each damnable element,
I would I knew something worse, I might curse to my heart's content.

FAUST.

What now? What is it pinches thee so sore?
A face like thine I never saw before.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I could bestow myself upon the spot
On the Devil, if I myself a devil were not.

FAUST.

Hath aught occurred to thee, to shake thy brain?
It becomes thee to rave like one insane.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Just think, the gems for Margaret that I got,
A priest has carried as a spoil away;
By chance a sight of them her mother caught,
Some secret fear came over her straightway.
The lady at a secret is wondrous clever,
She sniffs and snuffles at her prayer-book ever.
And of each article, by the smell,
Whether 'tis sacred or profane can tell.
She soon sniffed out of jewel and gem,
That not much blessing came with them.
My child, cried she, unlawful property
Ensnares the soul, withers the blood up dry;
We will devote them to the Virgin dear,
With heavenly manna she our souls will cheer.
Poor Margaret made a piteous face;
'Tis a gift-horse, perhaps she thought;
Nor truly, is he without grace,
Who here the gems so nicely brought.
Then sent her mother for a priest,
Who, scarcely had he heard the fun,
Was with the prospect right well pleased.
He said, well have ye thought and done;
He that himself subdues doth gain much good.
The church hath a good stomach for such food.
Whole countries hath it swallowed up with zest,

And yet itself hath overeaten ne'er,
It is the church alone, my lady dear,
Unlawful property that can digest.

FAUST.

Such power is yet in universal use,
It's exercised, besides, by Kings and Jews.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Pounced upon bracelet, chain, and ring,
As if they nought but mushrooms were,
Gave thanks no more for any thing
Than had a bag of nuts been there;
Promised rewards in Heaven above.
Right edifying did it prove.

FAUST.

And Margaret?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ill at ease she sits,
Knows not what mean her restless fits;
Broods day and night the trinkets o'er,
Of him that brought them thinks yet more.

FAUST.

I grieve to hear my love doth fret;

Get her at once another set,
For the first, no great things were they.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, to the gentleman 'tis all child's play.

FAUST.

See that according to my wish all goes,
And to her neighbour mind that you stick close;
Do not a milksop devil be,
Fetch a fresh set of jewels immediately.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, honoured master, willingly enough.

[*Faust exit.*

Why, such a love-sick fool as this would puff
Sun, moon, and stars, and all, into the air,
For the amusement of his lady fair.

[*Exit.*

THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.

MARTHA—*alone.*

Now God forgive my husband dear;
By me he has not fairly done,
Right out through all the world is gone;
And leaves me a grass-widow here;
I never vexed him, nor a bad wife proved him,
In truth, God knows how heartily I loved him.
[*She weeps.*
Perhaps he may be dead. Oh, luckless fate,
Had I of it but a certificate.

MARGARET *enters.*

MARGARET.

Martha!

MARTHA.

Well love, what may it be?

MARGARET.

My knees are almost failing me;
I found again within my press
A jewel case of ebony,
Gems of such perfect loveliness;
Far richer than the first are they.

MARTHA.

Nought of it to your mother say,
Else gives she them the priest straightway.

MARGARET.

Only just see, now but look here.

MARTHA *puts them on her.*

Oh, thou most lucky creature dear.

MARGARET.

But with these jewels on, unhappily,
I dare not in the streets or church appear.

MARTHA.

Only come over to me often here.
And then in private in the jewels arrayed,
Before the mirror for an hour parade;

We shall have our delight in it,
And by and by will find occasion fit,
Some festival or holiday will seize,
To let the people see them by degrees.
A chain first, then the earrings; should your mother
Observe them, we'll make some pretence or other.

MARGARET.

Who can it be that the two caskets brought?
It cannot be exactly as it ought.
[*A knock at the door.*
Oh God, can that my mother be?

MARTHA, *peeping through the blind.*

'Tis a strange gentleman.—Come in.

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*

Straightway to enter here, I have made free,
Trust of the ladies I shall pardon win.
[*Steps back respectfully before Margaret.*
Speech of Dame Martha Schwerdtlein I would pray.

MARTHA.

'Tis me, what hath the gentleman to say?

MEPHISTOPHELES, *aside to her.*

I know you now, that is enough for me.
I see that you have high-born company;
Pray you forgive the freedom that I take,
At eve will I another visit make.

MARTHA.

Think, child, of all that hap could bring,
A noble lady thinks he thee.

MARGARET.

I am a poor young simple thing.
Heavens! he is far too good to me.
Jewels and gems are not mine own.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, it was not the gems alone,
Her striking air, her piercing eye,
That I may stay, how glad am I.

MARTHA.

What news have you? I long to know.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would I could better tidings shew!

But blame me not: your husband's dead,
And begs to you to be remembered.

MARTHA.

Dead! the true heart! oh! misery!
My husband dead! oh! I shall die!

MARGARET.

Do not despair, my Martha dear.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The sorrowful story only hear.

MARGARET.

Therefore for all my life I will not love,
Grief for the loved one's loss my death would prove.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Joy must have sorrow, sorrow joy must have.

MARTHA.

Tell me, I pray, of how his life did close.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He found in Padua his grave;
By the church of St. Anthony, repose

His bones, in a spot consecrate and blessed,
For a cool bed of everlasting rest.

MARTHA.

Have you nought else to me to bring?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, a large and weighty prayer;
Bid priests for him three hundred masses sing:
My pockets of all other things are bare.

MARTHA.

What! not a token, not a trinket, such
As each mechanic husbands in his pouch,
With care apart for a remembrance set,
And starves or begs sooner than be without.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, right heartily I all regret,
In truth, his means he did not fling about;
Also his faults all he repented sore,
Yes, and bewailed his own sad fate much more.

MARGARET.

Alas, that men are so unfortunate;
Surely for him I will say many a mass.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Right worthy are you of the marriage state;
You are a truly amiable lass.

MARGARET.

Ah no; nought of the kind is talked of yet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No husband? well, meanwhile a gallant get,
It were the best of gifts e'er heaven gave,
Such a sweet creature in one's arms to have.

MARGARET.

Such things are not the custom of the land.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Custom or not, such things will happen yet.

MARTHA.

But tell me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By his death-bed did I stand,
Better than dung, 'twas straw half putrified;
But then he as a perfect christian died:
Feeling too much down to his score was set,

How deeply, cried he, I myself must hate,
My trade to leave, and my wife desolate:
By the remembrance I to death am driven,
Were but her pardon, whilst I yet live, given.

MARTHA—*weeping.*

The dear good man, long since have I forgiven.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But, God knows, she was more to blame than I.

MARTHA.

There lies he! what! on the grave's brink to lie!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No doubt he fabled much at his last gasp,
If I could only half his meaning grasp.
Few hours of pastime have been mine, he said,
First I must children get, and then get bread;
And bread, too, in the widest sense, and yet
Even then could never once in peace my portion eat.

MARTHA.

What, all my faith and love forgotten quite,
The drudgery by day and night!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so, he thought of you with all his heart.
He said, when I from Malta did depart,
I prayed most fervently for wife and child,
And on my prayer a gracious heaven smiled,
Our ship a Turkish vessel prize did make,
That for the Sultan treasure had on board,
And then had bravery its due reward;
Then did I duly of the spoil partake,
And had my well told portion as was fit.

MARTHA.

Eh? how? Eh? where? perhaps he buried it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who knows where the four winds have blown the pelf?
A fair young lady took him to herself
As he a stranger Naples walked about;
Much did she for him in love and truth;
As, to his holy end, he felt in sooth.

MARTHA.

The rogue! the robber of his children! out
Upon him! Could all misery, all need,
Not hinder him his shameless life indeed?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, see! he is dead now for that same reason.
Were I now in your situation found,
I should just mourn him for a decent season,
Meanwhile, for a new sweetheart look around.

MARTHA.

Oh heavens, but what a man my first one was;
Such on earth I shall not find easily;
There scarce could be a kinder-hearted ass,
Only too fond of wandering was he:
Went with strange women and strange wine astray,
And then at those infernal dice would play.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If on his part, about as much in you
He'd overlook, that very well might do;
If such an understanding were expressed,
I swear myself I'd change with you the ring.

MARTHA.

Oh, but the gentleman is pleased to jest.

MEPHISTOPHELES—*to himself.*

Oh, no. Now will I in good time take wing,—
The very devil to his word she'd pin.

To MARGARET.

How goes it, gentle damsel, with your heart?

MARGARET.

What means the gentleman?

MEPHISTOPHELES—*to himself.*

The charming child, so pure and free from sin.
[*loud.*
Ladies, farewell.

MARGARET.

Farewell.

MARTHA.

Oh, say before we part,
Some testimony I would gladly have,
How, when, my darling died, and where his grave?
To order I have always been a friend indeed,
Would gladly, too, his death in the newspaper read.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, my good lady, when two witnesses appear,
The double testimony makes truth always clear;

A gallant comrade have I whom I'll bring
Before the judge to testify the thing;
I'll bring him here.

MARTHA.

Oh, yes, do so.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the young lady will be here also.
'Tis a brave youth, well travelled too is he,
And used to ladies' sweet society.

MARGARET.

Before him then my cheeks with shame would glow.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, no, before no earthly potentate.

MARTHA.

Behind the house, then, Sir, this evening;
Here in my garden,—we the gentlemen await.

THE STREET.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How goes it,—get you on,—will't soon be done?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah, bravo! now I find you in a flame;
In a short time will Margaret be your own.
To-night we'll meet her with the worthy dame.
In truth, it is a woman ready made,
For such like procuress and gypsy trade.

FAUST.

'Tis good!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But we in turn must something do.

FAUST.

Well, one good turn deserves another too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A formal deposition we must make,
That her lord's limbs, outstretched, are to be found
In Padua, in consecrated ground.

FAUST.

How wise; and what a journey we must take.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sancta simplicitas! no need for doing so;
We prove all easily, although we little know.

FAUST.

Hast thou no better way, 'tis our plan's overthrow.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, holy man! How innocent we are!
Is't the first time that you false witness bear?
Have you not given, with all authority,
Full definition of the Deity;
And of the world, and all that stirs therein;
Of man, what in his head, heart moves about?
All with undaunted breast, unshrinking mein.
And now, to search the matter right throughout,
Have you of them, the simple truth to own,
As much as of this death of Schwerdtlein's known?

FAUST.

Sophist and liar thou art, and wilt lie ever on.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, if one knew not something deeper yet.
Will you not, in all honour, seeming fair,
Befool to-morrow the poor Margaret,
And love from your whole soul to her will swear?

FAUST.

And from my heart in truth.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, very well.
Then talk you of eternal love and truth;
One all absorbing, all o'ermastering spell;
Will that, Sir, come from out your heart in sooth?

FAUST.

Enough, it will; when in my heart's deep core,
I feel, and for the feeling, for the thrill,
Seek for a name, and seek all vainly still,
Then through the world with all my senses soar,
Grasp at the loftiest words of all;
And then this glow that wraps my soul in fire,

Unending, aye, eternal, call;
Is that the devilish mockery of a liar?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet am I right.

FAUST.

Listen, mark what I say
I beg of thee, my lungs not to distress;
Who will be in the right, and doth possess
A tongue, will certainly have his own way.
But come, I am weary of this gossipry,
Thou in the right must be, from my necessity.

GARDEN.

MARGARET *on* FAUST'S *arm.* MARTHA *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *walking backwards and forwards.*

MARGARET.

You are but trifling with me, well I know,
To make me blush, yourself let down so low.
A traveller is so accustomed still,
'Stead of the deed to put up with the will.
I know full well, a man of such attainment
In my poor talk can find small entertainment.

FAUST.

A glance, a word from thee, delights me more,
Far more, than all this world's profoundest lore.
[*He kisses her hand.*

MARGARET.

Plague yourself not; what pleasure can it be
To kiss it? 'tis so hideous, is so rough.
What have I not to do with every kind of stuff?
My mother is indeed too hard on me.
[*They pass over.*

MARTHA.

And you, Sir, do you still pursue your way?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Alas, that business, duty, us constrain
To part; full many a place with how much pain,
We leave, in which we can no longer stay.

MARTHA.

One's years of wildness it doth well become,
Free here and there throughout the world to roam.
But then the evil time comes surely on,
As bachelor, sneaking to the grave alone,
To none that ever any good hath done.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With terror do I see it from afar.

MARTHA.

Then, worthy Sir, in time yourself prepare.

[*They pass over.*

MARGARET.

Yes, out of sight is out of mind.
How ready flows your courtesy;
But friends in hundreds you can find,
All far more sensible than me.

FAUST.

Dearest, believe, oft is what men call sense
Mere vanity and a narrow mind.

MARGARET.

How so?

FAUST.

When will simplicity and innocence
Themselves and their own holy value know?
Lowliness, meekness, the best gifts are those
That nature's treasury of love bestows.

MARGARET.

A little moment wilt thou think on me—
I shall have time enough to think on thee.

FAUST.

Much of your time you spend in loneliness.

MARGARET.

Yes, our household is but small, but yet
It must be looked to, not the less.
We have no maid; I cook and sweep and net,
And sew and run about, early and late,
And mother is in all so accurate;

Not that she needs to live so sparingly,
We could do even more than others do,
My father left a pretty property,
A house just by the town, a garden too.
But now some very dreary days I have;
My brother's serving with his regiment,
My little sister dear is in her grave;
Truly the child did sorely me torment,
Yet I would undergo most willingly
The trouble all again, so dear it was to me.

FAUST.

An angel, if it aught resembled thee!

MARGARET.

I brought it up, and dearly it loved me.
After my father's death the child was born,
When my poor mother's life was given over;
She lay so ill, in such a state forlorn,
And did but slowly bit by bit recover,
She could not think (such was her suffering),
Herself of suckling the poor little thing,
And so I brought the child up, all alone,
With milk and water, till it became mine own;
In my arms, in my lap, sprawling about,
It knew me, and took notice, and grew stout.

FAUST.

Thou felt in it the holiest delight.

MARGARET.

Yet, truly, many hours did trying prove.
The little creature's cradle stood at night
Close to my bed, and never could it move
But I awoke, must rise, and feed it then,
Then take it into bed with me again.
If 'twere not quiet, must from my bed get out,
Tossing it up and down, must walk about.
At morning early at the wash-tub be,
Then to the marketing and fire see.
To-day, to-morrow, the same order keep,
Things go not always on so cheerfully;
Yet sweet is food for that, and sweet is sleep.

[*They pass over.*

MARTHA.

Yes, of that the poor women have the worst,
So hard to manage is a bachelor.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Twas such as you indeed that was the first
To teach me better than I knew before.

MARTHA.

Tell me, good sir, have you nought ever found?
Ne'er has your heart to any heart been bound?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The proverb says, a hearthstone that one owns,
And a good wife, weigh more than gold and precious stones.

MARTHA.

I mean, have you no passion e'er conceived?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I have been everywhere right well received.

MARTHA.

I mean, you've ne'er felt seriously in your breast?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With ladies should we ne'er presume to jest.

MARTHA.

Oh! you don't understand me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm much grieved 'tis so.
But this, that you are very kind, I know.
[*Pass.*

FAUST.

Me, little angel, didst thou recognise,
The instant that I came into the garden?

MARGARET.

Sawest thou it not? I cast adown mine eyes.

FAUST.

And thou the freedom that I took dost pardon.
What my impertinence did venture on,
Just as from the cathedral thou wert gone?

MARGARET.

I was confounded! ne'er the like had been
Done to me; none of me could evil say.
"Ah!" thought I, "has the stranger in thy mien
Aught impudent, or aught immodest, seen?
He thinks, I need but at once address
This girl, come to the point at once with her."
Yet something, what I know not, I confess,
Quickly on your behalf began to stir.

Right angry with myself yet was I certainly,
That I could not be angrier with thee.

FAUST.

Thou dearest.

MARGARET.

Wait awhile.

[*See plucks an aster, and plucks the leaves off one after the other.*

FAUST.

What is that for, to make a nosegay?

MARGARET.

Nay,
'Tis nothing but a little foolish play.
Go, you would laugh at me.
[*She goes on plucking and murmuring.*

FAUST.

What murmurest thou?

MARGARET—*half aloud.*

He loves me—loves not me.

FAUST.

Thou sweet heaven-lighted countenance.

MARGARET *goes on.*

Loves me—not. Loves me—not.

[*Pulling the last leaf with affectionate delight.*

He loves me!

FAUST.

My darling; yes! Let this flower-answer be
God's revelation to thee. He loves thee!
Knowest thou what that means? his love is thine!

[*He clasps her two hands.*

MARGARET.

A trembling passes o'er me!

FAUST.

Ah, shudder not thus. Let this glance of mine,
Let this hand pressure, tell
That which is inexpressible,
And yield us wholly to an ecstacy
To feel, that must eternal be!
Eternal—aye—its end would be despair.
No, no! No end, no end!

[*Margaret presses his hands, frees herself from him, and runs away. He stands for a moment, lost in thought, and then follows her.*

MARTHA *coming.*

The night comes on.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, and we must away.

MARTHA.

I should have prayed ye longer here to stay,
But 'tis a wicked place in which we are.
It seems that no one had aught else to do,
And nothing in the world else to look to,
But at their neighbours' goings on to stare,
The least thing that one does sets all tongues moving;
And our sweet pair.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There up the walk are flown,
Fond butterflies.

MARTHA.

He seems with her right loving.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And she with him. So doth the world wag on.

A GARDEN HOUSE.

MARGARET *runs in, hides behind the door, places her finger on her lips, and peeps through the chink.*

MARGARET.

He comes!

FAUST *enters.*

Ah, little rogue, playest thou thus with me?
I've caught thee!

[*He kisses her.*

MARGARET—*embracing him and returning the kiss.*

Best of men! from my heart love I thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES *knocks.* FAUST *stamping.*

Well, who comes there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis a good friend.

FAUST.

A beast.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is full time to part.

MARTHA *enters.*

Yes, it is late.

FAUST.

At least
May I not see thee home?

MARGARET.

My mother would—adieu.

FAUST.

Must I go?

MARTHA.

Ade!*

MARGARET.

Soon may we renew
Our walk.

[*Faust and Mephistopheles exeunt.*

* *Ade!* is a vulgar corruption of adieu.

MARGARET.

Thou gracious God! why, such a man
Was not within my fancy's utmost span!
I stand before him blushingly,
In all he says, I yes reply.
Yet am a poor untutored child;
Can't think what 'tis his fancy has beguiled.

[*Exit.*

FOREST AND CAVERN.

FAUST—*alone.*

Spirit sublime! thou gavest me, gavest me all—
All that I prayed for. Not in vain hast thou
Turned upon me thy countenance in fire.
Thou gavest me glorious nature for a realm,
With power to feel and to enjoy; not only
A cold bewildering converse didst thou grant,
But did vouchsafe me, in her deepest breast,
As in the bosom of a friend, to gaze.
The ranks of life thou marshallest before me,
And teachest me to recognise my brother,
In the still thicket, in the air and water;
And when the tempest in the forest roars,
And creaks, and strikes down the gigantic pine
With crashing sway, rending the neighbouring boughs
And neighbouring trunks, and, at its fall, a dull
And sullen sound thunders along the hill,

Into safe caverns then thou leddest me: then
Didst shew me to myself, and of my breast
The wonders deep concealed revealed themselves.
And the pure moon rises before my eyes,
Shedding deep calm around; before me soar,
From walls of rock, and from the dewy thicket,
The silver phantoms of the past, to soothe
The craving of the soul for earnest thought.

Oh! now I feel that nothing e'er becomes
Perfect to man; for thou, to this delight,
That brings me near and nearer to the gods,
Didst add this comrade, whom I can no more
Dispense with, even though, ever cold and reckless,
He lowers me in my own esteem, and turns
Thy gifts to nothing with a single breath.
Ever at work, he kindles in my breast
A raging fire for that lovely form.
So reel I from desire to enjoyment,
And in enjoyment yet long for desire.*

* The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both filled and running) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.
Shakespeare (Cymbeline).

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, with this life are you not satisfied?
For such a time, how can it pleasure you;
'Tis very well that once it should be tried,
Then, forward, ever on to something new.

FAUST.

I would that thou thyself couldst otherwise employ,
Than thus to pester me the few days I enjoy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, well, I'd gladly take myself away,
Though that in earnest you would scarcely say.
In a companion, rough, odd, and unkind;
Truly but little I to lose can find.
One has one's hands full all the livelong day,
And from his countenance can never say,
What pleases him, what must be left alone.

FAUST.

Ay, truly, that is just the proper tone;
He bores me, then expects my gratitude be shewn.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How hadst thou, Earth's unhappy son,
Without me through thy life got on?
Of crotchets thy imagination bred,
I now have wrought a cure for many a day;
And, were it not for me, thy soul had sped,
Already from this globe of thine away.
Why sittest thou in caves and fissures day by day,
Like a great owl muddling thy time away?*
Why from damp moss and dripping stone
Sip, like a toad, the food thou livest on?
Oh, what a glorious manner time to kill;
The doctor sticks within your body still.

FAUST.

Couldst thou but feel what freshness to the springs
Of Life this wandering to the desert brings;
Couldst thou conceive it, Devil enough thou art,
To envy me this blessedness of heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A superhuman pleasure, verily,
To be out on the hills in night and dew,

* *Versitzen*, to sit away, to lose by sitting.

In spanning earth and heaven supremely blessed,
Swelling oneself to a divinity.
Earth's marrow in vague dreamings piercing through,
The six days' work to feel within your breast,
To enjoy, I know not what, in haughty might,
Anon, in rapturous love, that overflows
On all, thine earthly nature vanished quite,
And after all the intention bright,
[*With a gesture.*
I dare not mention how—to close.

FAUST.

Fie on thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This not to thy taste appears.
"Fie upon thee," to say thy right is plain,
So morally; one must not to chaste ears
Speak things from which chaste hearts will not refrain.
And once for all, I most ungrudgingly
Agree, you sometimes to yourself shall lie
In some things, only carried not too far.
Already blown out of your course you are;
And if it lasts much longer, you will wholly
Fret into madness, moping, melancholy.
Enough of this; thy charmer sits at home,

And all to her is drear and lowering. . .
Out of her thoughts thy image will not come,
The love she bears thee is o'erpowering.
First came thy passion's furious overflow,
Like a brook brimming o'er with melted snow,
Into her heart its whole flood didst thou pour ;
And now, behold, thy brook is dry once more.
Methinks, instead of throning in the wood,
The mighty gentleman might find it good
To grant the little monkey, pretty dear,
Some slight repayment of her love sincere.
Wretchedly slow doth time to her appear.
She haunts the window, watches on the blast,
The clouds, the old walls of the town, drive past.
" Oh, were I but a bird ;" so goes her song
All the day long, and then half the night long ;
Whiles is she gay, but mostly clouded o'er.
Then fairly, bitterly outwept,
Anon she seems as if her sorrow slept,
But lovelorn evermore.

FAUST.

Serpent !

MEPHISTOPHELES *to himself.*

'Tis good ! The bird is caught !

FAUST.

Reprobate! haste thee from the spot,
And name that lovely woman not!
Into my half-crazed brain the fierce desire
For that sweet form do not again inspire.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What shall it be? she thinks that thou art flown;
And half-and-half already so thou art.

FAUST.

Near am I her; and were I distant gone,
I ne'er could her forget, from her could part.
I envy even the body of the Lord
When it is pressed between those lips adored.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well said, my friend; I have envied you, indeed,
Oft the twin pair that midst the roses feed.

FAUST.

Pander, begone.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis good; you rail, and I
Must laugh. The God that lads and lasses made
Saw the necessity of the noble trade

Of making opportunity.
But come, here's piteous misery!
Into your darling's chamber hie,
There—not—I think—to die.

FAUST.

What heavenly raptures in her arms caressed?
Oh, let me glow upon her gentle breast!
Do I not feel for her, her misery?
The false deserter, the base outcast, I,
The monster, reckless, restless as the shock
Of the swoln cataract, that from rock to rock
Foams, maddens, headlong to the gulf below.
She by its side, of childlike dreamy mind,
Her household cares, to the small world confined.
Her little Alpine field, her cottage low.
And I, the God-detested, not content,
Seized on the rocks, and them in fragments rent;
Her and her peaceful state must besides undermine.
Hell, must this victim also then be thine?
Help, Devil, this time of woe to hurry on,
What must be done, let it at once be done.
Her fate from mine inseparable make,
That in the self-same ruin both partake.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, now again it boils, and now it glows.
Go into her, thou fool, some comfort bring;
When such a noddle as thine no outlet knows,
It fancies straight the end of everything.
Give me the man brave ever, ne'er downcast,
Yet of the Devil a spice thou sometimes hast.
To me the world nought more abhorrent bears,
Than is a devil—that despairs.

MARGARET'S ROOM.

MARGARET *at the spinning wheel—alone.*

My heart is dreary,
My peaceful mind,
I never, never,
Again shall find.

Life is without him
Sepulchral all,
And the whole wide world
Is steeped in gall.

My poor, poor head,
It reeleth madly;
My poor, poor senses,
They wander sadly.

My heart is dreary,
My peace of mind,

I never, never,
Again shall find.

For him alone,
My glances roam,
For him alone
I stray from home.

His stately step!
His bearing high!
His lips' sweet smile!
His regal eye!

In winning words,
What spell is his!
His hand's dear clasp,
And, oh! his kiss!

My heart is dreary,
My peace of mind,
I never, never,
Again shall find.

My bosom yearns
But to enfold him;

Could I but clasp him,
And ever hold him.

Devour his kisses,
All I desire;
And in his kisses,
In bliss expire!

MARTHA'S GARDEN.

MARGARET *and* FAUST.

MARGARET.

Promise me, Henry.

FAUST.

Whatsoe'er I can.

MARGARET.

Tell me what thy religious feelings are.
Thou art in thy heart's heart a kind, good man;
And yet, I believe, for it dost little care.

FAUST.

Enough, my child. Thou feelest how dear thou art
To me; for thy sake I with life would part.
From none would take his feelings or his creed.

MARGARET.

That is not right; one must believe indeed.

FAUST.

Must one?

MARGARET.

Ah, thee could I but influence.
The sacrament, too, thou dost not reverence.

FAUST.

I reverence it.

MARGARET.

But still unlovingly.
Hast not confessed, nor been to mass for ages!
Believest thou in God?

FAUST.

My love, who dares reply—
I believe in God? Ask it of priests or sages,
And 'twill appear the answer that they give
But mocks the asker.

MARGARET.

Then thou dost not believe?

FAUST.

Thou angel aspect, do not misconceive

My words. Who is there dares to name his name?
And who proclaim—
I believe?
Who feel,
Yet nerve himself
To say—I believe him not?
He that encompasses the universe,*
The all sustainer,
Sustains he not
Thee—me—Himself?
Doth not the heaven vault itself above us?
Lies not the solid earth beneath our feet?
And rise not with their friendly gleam
The immortal stars on high?
Gaze we not into one another's eyes?
And doth not all impress
Conviction on thy head, thy heart,

* "Apart from considerations of space and time, we know this fact, that we are in the midst of Being, whose amoun perhaps, we cannot estimate, but which is yet all so exquisitely related, that the perfection of its parts has no dependance upon their magnitude—of Being, within whose august bosom the little ant has its home, secure as the path of the most splendid star, and whose mightiest intervals—if Infinite Power has built up its framework—Infinite Mercy and Infinite Love glowingly fill and give all things warmth, and lustre, and life—the sense of the presence of God."—*Nicholls' Architecture of the Heavens.*

And interweave within thy soul,
Shrouded in mystery eternal,
Through what is visible, the invisible ?*

Fill thence thine heart, how big soe'er it be ;
And when entirely in the feeling blessed,
Then call it what thou willest.
Call it Bliss!—Heart!—Love!—God!
I have no name for it.
Feeling is all in all.
Name is but sound and smoke,†
Clouding the glow of heaven.

* These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair—Thyself how wondrous then,
Unspeakable, that sittest above those heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Paradise Lost.

Effulgence of my glory, Son beloved,
Son, in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly what by Deity I am.
Paradise Lost.

† "There can only be one substance, God. Whatever is, is God, and without God nothing can be conceived ; for he is the sole substance, and modes cannot be conceived without sub-

MARGARET.

All that is very good and fair.
Much the same thing doth the priest declare,
Although in different words.

stance; but besides modes and substance nothing exists. God is not corporeal, but body is a mode of God, and therefore uncreated. God is the cause of all things, and thus immanently, but not transiently. He is the efficient cause of their essence as well as their existence, since otherwise their essence might be conceived without God, which is absurd. Thus all particular and concrete things are only the accidents or affections of God's attributes, or modes in which they are determinately expressed. God's power is the same as his essence, for he is the necessary cause both of himself and all things, and it is as impossible for us to conceive him not to act, as not to exist. God, viewed in the attributes of his infinite substance, is the same as Nature, that is, to use his fine and subtle expression, 'Natura naturans;' but in another sense, Nature, or 'natura naturata,' expresses only the modes under which the divine attributes appear. * * * * *

"The universe is taken as the manifestation of the Deity, not, as many suppose, as the Deity himself, but, to use the words of Cousin, the Deity passing into activity, but not exhausted by the act. * * * * * *

"God then, according to Spinoza, is the 'idea immanens,' the fundamental fact and reality of all existence, the only power, the only eternity. What we name the universe, is only the visible aspect, the realised form of his existence."—*Spinoza.*

FAUST.

So everywhere,
All hearts beneath the light of heavenly day,
Each in its own peculiar language, say.
And why not I in mine?

It is remarkable that in the early editions, instead of 'Name is sound and smoke,' the text stood 'Nature is sound and smoke.'

"Contrivance, if established, appears to me to prove everything that we wish to prove. Amongst other things, it proves the PERSONALITY of the Deity, as distinguished from what is sometimes called nature, sometimes called a principle; which terms, in the mouths of those who use them philosophically, seem to be intended to admit and to express an efficacy, but to exclude and to deny a personal agent. Now that which can contrive, which can design, must be a person. These capacities constitute personality, for they imply consciousness and thought. They require that which can perceive an end or purpose, as well as the power of providing means and directing them to their end. They require a centre, in which perceptions unite, and from which volitions flow,—which is mind. The acts of a mind prove the existence of a mind, and in whatever a mind resides, is a person. The seat of intellect is a person. We have no authority to limit the properties of mind to any particular corporeal form, or to any particular circumscription of space. These properties subsist in created nature under a great variety of sensible forms; also every animated being has its *sensorium*, that is, a certain portion of space, within which perception and

MARGARET.

Thus understood
'Tis plausible; but still it does no good
To thee, thou hast no Christianity.

volition are exerted. This sphere may be enlarged to an indefinite extent; may comprehend the universe, and being so imagined, may serve to furnish us with as good as a notion as we are capable of forming of the immensity of the divine nature, that is, of a Being, infinite as well in essence as in power. Yet nevertheless a person.

"'No man hath seen God at any time.' And this, I believe, makes the great difficulty. Now it is a difficulty which chiefly arises from our not duly estimating the state of our faculties. The Deity, it is true, is the object of none of our senses; but reflect what limited capacities animal senses have. Many animals seem to have but one sense, or perhaps have at the most touch and taste. Ought such an animal to conclude against the existence of odours, sounds, and colours. To another species is given the sense of smelling. This is an advance in the knowledge of the powers and properties of nature; but if this favoured animal should infer, from its superiority over the class last described, that it perceived every thing which was perceptible in nature, it is known to us, though perhaps not suspected by the animal itself, that it proceeded upon a false and presumptuous estimate of its faculties. To another is added the sense of hearing, which lets in a class of sensations entirely unconceived by the animal before spoken of: not only distinct, but remote from any which it had ever experienced, and greatly superior to

FAUST.

Dear child!

them. Yet this last animal has no more ground for believing that its senses comprehend all things and all properties of things which exist, than might have been claimed by the tribes of animals beneath it; for we know that it is still possible to possess another sense, that of sight, which shall disclose to the percipient a new world. This fifth sense makes the animal what the human animal is; but to infer that possibility stops here;—that either this fifth sense is the last sense, or that the five comprehend all evidence, is just as unwarrantable a conclusion, as that which might have been made by any of the different species, which possess fewer, or even by that, if such there be, which possessed only one. The conclusion of the one sense animal, and the conclusion of the five sense animal, stand upon the same authority. There may be more and other senses than those which we have. There may be senses suited to the perception of the powers, properties, and substance of spirits. These may belong to higher orders of rational agents, for there is not the smallest reason for supposing that we are the highest, or that the scale of creation stops with us.

The great energies of nature are known to us only by their effects. The substances which produce them are as much concealed from us as the divine essence itself. *Gravitation*, though constantly present, though constantly exerting its influence, though everywhere around us, near us, and within us, though diffused throughout all space, and penetrating the texture of all bodies with which we are acquainted, depends,—if upon a fluid,

MARGARET.

It long has made me weep,
To see the company that thou dost keep.

FAUST.

How so?

MARGARET.

The man thou ever hast with thee,
I in my deepest, inmost soul abhor.
I ne'er remember in my life before
Such a cold thrill through my heart, as ran
At the repulsive visage of that man.

FAUST.

My darling, fear him not.

MARGARET.

His presence makes me shudder, though I feel
Towards other men all kindness as I ought.

upon a fluid which, though both powerful and universal in its operation, is no object of sense to us,—if upon any other kind of substance or action, upon a substance and action from which we receive no distinguishable impressions. Is it then to be wondered at, that it should in some measure be the same with the divine nature?"—*Paley's Natural Theology.*

Yet even when most I long thy face to see,
I feel a secret horror o'er me steal.
Then for a thorough rogue I hold him, too;
God pardon me if wrong to him I do.

FAUST.

Some such eccentrics* there will always be.

MARGARET.

For worlds I would not live with such as he.
He comes unto the door with such a stare,
Looks in with such a mocking leer,
And almost fierce. One well can see,
That he no sympathy can share;
'Tis written in his forehead clear,
That what it is to love he doth not know.
Within thine arms I feel so deeply blessed,
Pierced through with such a glow, all unrepressed.
And then his presence does my blood congeal.

FAUST.

Misgiving angel.

* *Kauz* is literally a screech owl, but is here employed in the same sense as the analogous English slang of 'strange bird' would be.

MARGARET.

This feeling hath gained such a mastery o'er
My heart, that if towards us he chance to stray,
I almost feel that I love thee no more,
And in his presence not a prayer could say;
And that upon my very heart doth prey.
Doth not that, Henry, too, occur to thee?

FAUST.

Now yieldest thou to mere antipathy.

MARGARET.

But now, farewell! I must be gone.

FAUST.

Ah, can I never count upon
One little hour to hang upon thy breast;
Breast to breast, soul to soul in calmness pressed.

MARGARET.

Alas, if I but only slept alone,
Gladly the bolt I'd open leave this night.
But then my mother sleeps so very light,
And should she find us out, assuredly
I should upon the very instant die.

FAUST.

Thou angel, have no fear. This vial take,
Pour three drops in her night draught; it will steep
Her nature in profound and soothing sleep.

MARGARET.

What is there I would not do for thy sake?
I trust it can do her no injury.

FAUST.

If it could, love, would I advise it thee?

MARGARET.

Thou best of men, when thee I gaze upon,
I know not what me to thy will constrains;
So much for thee I have already done,
That little more to do for me remains.

[*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The monkey, is it gone?

FAUST.

Again the spy dost play?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I heard the whole throughout; the worthy Doctor say
His catechism: I hope with him it will agree.
The girls in that are interested mightily.
If one is pious and meek, after the ancient way,
If he is humble in that, he'll be guided by us, think
they.

FAUST.

Thou monster that thou art, thou canst not see,
How this dear soul in its fidelity,
Full of its faith, she thinks alone can give
Eternal happiness, should deeply grieve,
With holy grief, to think him she loves most,
She must consider as for ever lost.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou sighing, supersensual sensualist;
Thou art led by the nose by a little fiiot.

FAUST.

Thou monster birth of Fire and Dirt.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then she's a first-rate physiognomist;
And in my presence all abroad she feels,

Some mystic faculty my mask reveals.
She feels a genius at the least in me,
Perhaps the very devil I may be.
Well—to-night?

FAUST.

What hast thou with that to do?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I have my pleasure in it too.

AT THE FOUNTAIN.

MARGARET *and* ELIZABETH, *with pitchers.*

ELIZABETH.

Hast thou heard nought of Barbara?

MARGARET.

No,
Nothing. Abroad I seldom go.

ELIZABETH.

Sybilla told me all to-day.
For certain, she has chosen to play
The fool. So much for upstart pride.

MARGARET.

How so?

ELIZABETH.

Whene'er she eats and drinks,
She feeds herself and one beside.

MARGARET.

Alas!

ELIZABETH.

It serves her right, methinks.
How long upon him she hung on,
What walkings out with him alone.
What squiring to each village ball,
Where she would aye be first of all.
Such treating her to wine and cake;
So puffed up with her beauty, she
Was yet so brazen, shamelessly
Presents from him to take.
There was a billing and a cooing;
Well it might end in her undoing.

MARGARET.

Poor thing!

ELIZABETH.

Yes, much she's to be pitied.
Up in our rooms we sat and spun;
Our mothers never us permitted,
Down to the door to run.
Then with her love, so soft and sweet,
She sat upon the threshold seat;

Or some dark passage chose to woo,
Whilst all too fast the minutes flew.
Now must her pride come down to do
In church the penance meet.

MARGARET.

He'll surely wed her!

ELIZABETH.

Not a bit.
He'd be a fool to think of it.
A sharp young lad like him is free,
To go or stay; he's left her too.

MARGARET.

That is not right.

ELIZABETH.

But even if she
Got him, she'd little better be.
Her bridal wreath would sure be torn
By mocking boys, and we would strew
Chaff at her door, her bridal morn.*

* According to an old German custom, the friends of a bride used to strew sand and flowers before her door on the morning of her wedding. But if the virtue of the bride had not been proof against temptation, cut straw was substituted for the flowers; the tearing of her bridal wreath indicated a similar misadventure.

MARGARET—*returning home.*

How stoutly I, 'tis but the other day,
Could rail if a poor maiden went astray.
For other's sins could scarcely find
Hard words enough to speak my mind.
How black and blacker still to me it seemed;
Nought black enough to call it then I deemed.
And blessed myself, and held myself so high;
And now what but a child of sin am I?
Yet still, all that, 'gainst which I vainly strove,
Ah me! it was such goodness, 'twas such love.

ZWINGER.*

In a niche of the wall an image of the Mater Dolorosa, with flower vases before it.

MARGARET *places fresh flowers in the vase.*

Mother of woes divine,
Thy gracious brow incline
On my extremity.

Keener than pangs of steel
Did thy pierced bosom feel,
When thine uplifted eye

* *Zwinger*, in its original signification, means a castle erected more for the purpose of curbing the inhabitants of a town, than of contributing to the defence of a place against external enemies. The Emperor of Russia's celebrated address to the citizens of Warsaw, on the subject of the citadel, is a familiar modern illustration of the ancient meaning of the word; but its import has changed; there is a Zwinger palace in Dresden, built about the beginning of the last century, without reference to any military purpose. Retsch places this scene in the immediate neighbourhood of a church.

Marked thy son's latest breath
Fade into death.

Lifting thy tearful eyes,
Unto the Lord on high
Sending thy heavy sighs,
In thy son's misery,
And thine extremity.

Who feels what agony
Riots unceasingly,
In this poor wasted frame.
Thou, only thou, canst tell,
Whence such disquiet came,
Why trembling on it fell,
What will afford relief.
Pity my grief.

Wherever I may go,
Still woe, still woe, still woe,
Deep in my heart doth wake.
Ah! 'tis not all alone,
I moan, I moan, I moan;
My heart swells nigh to break.

The flower-pots at my window
My tears bedewed in showers,

As in the prime of morning,
For thee I plucked these flowers.

Ere in my chamber shone
Clearly the early sun,
Maddening in misery
Up in my bed sat I.
Help! death and shame are nigh!
*Mother of woes divine,
Gracious, thy brow incline.
Look upon me.

* The following are the stanzas in the 'Mater dolorosa,' upon which this is founded :

Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lachrymosa,
Dum pendebit filius,
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatem et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.
Oh quam tristis et afflicta,
Fuit illa benedicta,
Mater unigeniti.
Quæ moerebat et dolebat,
Et tremebat cum videbat,
Nati poenas inclyti.

NIGHT.

Street before Margaret's door.

VALENTINE—*a soldier, Margaret's brother.*

I used to sit in company,
Where all themselves would glorify;
And each gay comrade loud would boast,
The flower of maids was her he loved,
And with a bumper backed his toast.*
I on my elbow leant unmoved,
And sat, no fear, no doubt had I,
But listened very silently
Till all the swaggerers† had done.
Then stroked my beard, and smiling gay,
Would take a bumper up and say,
Let each one praise his own;

* *Das Lob verschwemmen*, corresponds to the Irish phrase of drowning the shamrock.

† *Schwadroniren*, to swagger, from *Schwadron* a squadron of dragoons.

Yet not within the country's bound
Is my dear Margaret's equal found;
None with my sister can compare.*
Then round and round the clatter went;
They shout, 'he's right;' and some would swear
She is her sex's ornament.
The boasters then were silent all.
Now I am fit to tear my hair,
And beat my brains out on the wall;
Now every scoundrel me may twit,
With snarling taunt and cutting sneer,
Like a false bankrupt must I sit,
And wince at each chance word I hear;
And could I crush them, still I ne'er
Could call them liars.
Who comes here?
The very two, I do believe;
'Tis them, unless my eyes deceive.
If that's the one, the fox is caught;†
Alive he does not leave the spot.

* *Das wasser reichen*, an idiomatical expression, which may be rendered, somewhat freely perhaps, by the phrase, to 'hold a candle.'

† *Ich pack ihn beim Felle*, I hold him by the skin.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

As from yon vestry window there, the ray
Of the lamp ever burning, flickers bright;
Wanes as it spreads, until it melts away,
In the surrounding darkness of the night:
So my heart glows within my bosom nightly.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For me, I am like the tom cat, sprightly
Along the fire escapes* that's crawling,
And gently rubs against the wall;
But I am virtuous after all.
A little sly desire, a little caterwauling:
Through all my limbs the spirit doth play,
Of that first glorious night of May.
After to-morrow comes it back;
'Tis then worth while to be awake.

FAUST.

Doth the light I see glimmering over there,
The spot the treasure shall appear, declare?

* *Feuer leitern*, are the long ladders used in case of fire, which in Germany are always to be found hung on hooks, under the eaves of the churches, where they are both protected from weather and ready at hand when wanted.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You shall experience, soon, the pleasure,
Of raising up the hidden treasure;
At it I lately took a squint,
Good Lion Dollars* are there in't.

FAUST.

What, not a trinket? not a ring,
With which my darling I may deck?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I think I spied out some such thing.
A string of pearls would suit her neck.

* *Lion, Lowen, or Louvain Dollars.* Dollars of Brabant, coined at the capital of that duchy, Löwen or Louvain, and bearing the arms of Brabant, (Sable, a lion rampant, gules). It is well known that about the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, the mechanical skill of Europe was principally centred in the Low Countries, and in Numismatics it has left its impress upon most nations of Europe. Our terms, shilling, groat, penny, are derived from it, and the lineal successors of the lion dollars mentioned here, were, a few years ago, the only coin that was current, unchallenged and unquestioned, all over Germany. They are still very common under the name of Brabanters.

FAUST.

That's right, I should indeed regret,
To visit her without a present.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, never mind; you need not fret
Gratis to light on something pleasant.
Now that the heavens glow with starlight clear,
A master-piece of art you'll hear.
A moral song I shall sing to her,
With greater certainty to undo her.
[*sings to the guitar.*
What dost thou here, before the break of morning,
My pretty Kate, before thy lover's door?
A maid he'll let thee in, but, oh, take warning,
A maid from thence he lets thee out no more.

Beware, beware in time; if once 'tis over,
Farewell to thee, thou poor deluded thing:
Love, if thou wilt, but pleasure not thy lover
By stealth, unless thy finger binds the ring.

VALENTINE.

Hell and the devil! for whom is meant,
You cursed ratcatcher, here your snare?

First to the devil the instrument!
After it to the devil the player!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, smash goes the guitar! there's no more to be said.

VALENTINE.

Aye, smash it goes, and now smash goes your head!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now doctor, do just as I tell you! Out
At once cold steel!* stick to me, do not shrink.
Lunge you!—I parry.†

VALENTINE.

Parry that!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No doubt.

VALENTINE.

And that!

* *Flederwisch*, a cant word for sword.

† It is the custom in German duels for the seconds to parry, or, if fought with broadswords, to guard.. Hence Valentine takes Mephistopheles' personal interference in the encounter as a matter of course.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of course.

VALENTINE.

The devil fights, I think.
But what is this? my hand's already lame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Give point!

VALENTINE *falls.*

Oh, Christ!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now is the lubber tame!
But now, away! we must at once be gone,
The howl of murder swells the gathering cry;
With mere police crime I can well get on,
But deal not half so well with felony.*

* *Blutbann*, criminal judicature extending to capital cases. This passage seems to refer to the limitation imposed upon Satan in the Book of Job with respect to life. Though Mephistopheles is mainly instrumental in procuring the death of Margaret's brother, child, mother, and herself, he takes none with his own hand.

MARTHA *at the window.*

Without! without!

MARGARET *at the window.*

Bring here a light!

MARTHA *as above.*

They scuffle and riot, they shout and fight.

THE PEOPLE.

Here's one dead!

MARTHA *coming out.*

Are the murderers gone?

MARGARET *coming out.*

Who lies there?

THE PEOPLE.

'Tis thy mother's son.

MARGARET.

Almighty God! what misery!

VALENTINE.

I die,—that's spoken easily;
More easily is done.

Why do ye, women, howl and shriek?
Come here, and list to what I speak.
[*They all gather round him.*
My Margaret, young thou art, but thou
Art not discreet enough, and now
Behavest not aright;
In confidence I whisper thee,
That if thou wilt a harlot be,
Be it at once outright.

MARGARET.

Brother! Oh God! what dost thou say?

VALENTINE.

Leave our Lord God from out the play.
What's done is done, for all our woe,
And as things can go they will go.
First, on the sly, with one begin,
Then plenty more come trooping in;
And when a dozen have lain with thee,
Common to the whole town thou'lt be.

When shame is born, how secretly
The bantling in the world appears;
The mantle of obscurity
Is wrapped about her head and ears.

Glad would they kill her; still she grows,
And higher still her head doth bear;
In open day unveiled then goes,
And yet is not a whit more fair.
The more disgust her charms excite,
The more she bares them to the light.

The time I see already, when
Each well-conditioned citizen,
As from a tainted corpse, will shrink
From thee, thou strumpet, in the street.
Oh, how thy conscious heart will sink,
The looks they cast on thee to meet.
No more to wear a golden chain,
Nor near the altar take thy place;
No more at balls, thy bosom vain
Shall flutter at thy collar's lace.
In some dark hole of misery,
With beggars and with cripples hide;
And even if God should pardon thee,
On earth thy curse shall still abide.

MARTHA.

Commend thy soul to heavenly grace;
Not foul-mouthed, thus, thy Maker face.

VALENTINE.

Did strength to reach thee but remain,

Thou rotten, shameful procuress,
And crush thee, I might hope to gain
Pardon for all my wickedness.

MARGARET.

Brother, what dreadful wretchedness!

VALENTINE.

Leave tears, I say; thy maiden fame when thou
Rënounced'st, 'twas the wound that reached my heart;
Through death's sleep to God's footstool must I now,
A soldier and an honest man, depart.

[*dies.*

THE CATHEDRAL.

MASS. ORGAN. CHOIR.

MARGARET *among the crowd.*—EVIL SPIRIT *behind her.*

EVIL SPIRIT.

Margaret, what other days were thine,
When, still the child of innocence,
Here camest thou to the altar;
And from the book thou hast profaned,*
Lispedst forth prayers,
Half child's prattle,
Half God in thy heart!
Margaret!
Where wilt thou seek refuge?
In thy heart
What evil deeds?
Prayest thou for the soul of her, thy mother,
Who through thee slept the sleep that wakes to endless pain?

* *Vergriffen* means also, out of print, offended, outraged, isolated.

Whose blood is it that lieth at thy door?
Close to thy heart
Throbs it not even now,
Disquieting itself and thee
With its ill-omened presence?

MARGARET.

Woe! woe!
Would God that I were free
From thoughts that flash athwart me,
Spite of myself!

CHORUS.

Dies Ira, Dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla. [*Organ sounds.*

EVIL SPIRIT.

Wrath hath encompassed thee!
The trumpet sounds!
The graves heave!
And thy heart,
From its sleep in its ashes,
Recreated for its resurrection
Of fiery torture,
Arises trembling!

MARGARET.

Were I but away from here!
I feel as if the organ
Takes away my breath;
My heart sinks at the choir.

CHOIR.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

MARGARET.

How close it is becoming!
The pillars close upon me!
The vaulted roof
Crushes me! Air!

EVIL SPIRIT.

Hide thyself! Sin and shame
Remain not hidden;
Air? Light? Woe to thee!

CHOIR.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.

EVIL SPIRIT.

The glorified their countenances turn
Away from thee;
The spotless shudder at the thought
Of helping thee.
Woe!

CHOIR.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

MARGARET.

Neighbour!—your salts!

[*She faints.*

WALPURGIS NIGHT.

Harz gebirge, district of Schirke and Elcuil.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHÈLES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A broomstick dost thou not at least desire?
The roughest goat would be a boon to me
By this road, still far from our goal are we.

FAUST.

This knotted stick is all that I require.
While fresh and stout upon my legs I feel,
What gain were it to shorten such a way?
Through all these labyrinthine vales to steal,
And then these rocks to climb, from whence their spray
Adown the ever bubbling fountains fling,
Is the true zest that seasons such a way.
Already in the birches stirs the spring,
Already even the hoar pines feel her sway;
Should she not in our limbs a like effect display?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Truly I can perceive no trace of this;
All winterly my body is.
I would my path were strewn with frost and snow;
How sadly rises the imperfect disk*
Of the red moon, with her belated glow,
Lighting so dimly that each step we risk
Running against a rock, against a tree.
To call a Wildfire I your leave will crave.
I see one yonder, blazing merrily.
Hey! there, my friend, your company we'd have;
Why there so uselessly your glare display?
Just be so good and light us on our way.

IGNIS FATUUS.

I hope I shall be able, (in deep respect
I speak), my giddy nature to correct;
Mostly our course in zigzags twists about.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, ay! you think mankind to imitate.

* *Scheibe* means blank, *i. e.* a coin cut, but not stamped.

To the blank moon
Her office they assigned.

Paradise Lost.

Now' in the devil's name, go straight!
Or else your flickering life will I blow out.

IGNIS FATUUS.

I know you are the master, and obey;
Gladly myself to you accommodate.
Consider, still, the mountain is to-day
With madness magical infuriate;
And if a Wildfire shews to you the way,
You must not be with him too accurate.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES. IGNIS FATUUS.

In turns.

We have entered, as it seems,
Spheres of magic, realms of dreams;
Guide us well, thou child of fire,
Honour for thyself acquire!
Swiftly forward let us press,
Through the barren wilderness.

Behold! behold! how tree by tree,
Fast and faster backwards flee;
Cliff by cliff, and crag by crag,
How their heads they bow and wag;
And each giant granite nose,
How it snorts, and how it blows!

Down through stones, and down through grass,
Hurrying, stream and streamlet pass!
Gurgling waters? melting tones?
Hear I lovers' gentle moans
Voice those days from Heaven above?
What we hope, and what we love!
Back by dying Echo rolled,
Like a tale of times of old.

To-whit! to-whoo! not far away,
The owl, the pewit, and the jay,
Have they all remained awake?
Are salamanders in the brake?
Legs stretched out, and paunches stout!
And the roots, each like a snake,
Twisting out from rock and sand,
Stretch around a wondrous band,
To frighten us, to seize on us;
From coarse gnarled knots, with life endued,
Stretch fibres as of polypus
Towards the wanderer. Thousand head
Mice, in hosts, are there together,
In the moss and in the heather;
And behold the fireflies gather,
Whirling, thronging, swarmingly,
A confounding company.

Tell me, stop we at this place,
Or our way still onwards win?
Everything appears to spin;
How the trees and rocks grimace,
How increase the wild fires there,
How they flicker, how they flare.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Seize my skirt, and grasp it well;
There is a central pinnacle,
Whence with wonderment one gazes;
How Mammon in the mountain blazes.

FAUST.

And see how strangely glimmers through the ground,
Like morning's blush, a dim and mournful gleam,
And, piercing even the abyss profound
Of the deep chasms, plays its fitful beam.
There reeks it high, there vapours curl and shift,
There flames flash out from mist and gossamer-like drift;
Creeps like a slender thread at first,
Then, like a gushing fountain, out doth burst;
Winds in a streak of huge extent,
With hundred veins, the vale throughout;
Then, in the narrow corner pent,
Suddenly scatters all about;

There sparklets, crackling close at hand,
Like sprinkled showers of golden sand;
But see, throughout its towering height entire,
The wall of rocks is kindling into fire.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Doth not Sir Mammon bravely light
His palace for the feast to-night?
Such sight to see 'tis luck for thee;
The wild guests I already see.

FAUST.

How maddens through the air the hurricane;
How on my neck it raineth blow on blow.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cling to the rock's old ribs with might and main,
Else will it hurl you down the gulfs below.
Black clouds are thickening on the thickening night.
Hark! the old forest is crashing amain!
The owls take to flight in their sudden affright;
Hark! to the shriek of the pillars tall,
Of the evergreen palaces rent in twain;
The branches are creaking and cracking all,
And heavily moaning, the trunks complain!

And the roots snap and gape, as they yield to the strain!
In their fall intermingled, and hideously clashing,
All through one another are splintering and crashing,
And along the ravine's wreck-encumbered abysses,
Hark to the blast, how it howls and it hisses!
Voices aloft on the hill, do ye hear?
Some that are distant, and some that are near?
Yes, the whole chain of the mountains along,
Streams a mad torrent of magical song!

WITCHES, *in chorus.*

The witches all to the Brocken repair,
Yellow the stubble, green when sown;
The mob of them all is collected there,
And Urian* above in the president's chair;
So drives it on o'er stock and stone.

VOICE.

Old mother Banbo comes alone,
A farrow sow she rides upon.

CHORUS.

To whom honour is due, due honour pay!
Old mother Banbo, for ever and aye!

* *Urian*, the devil.

A slapping sow by the mother bestrid,
The whole host of witches follow her lead.

VOICE.

Which way camest thou?

VOICE.

Over Ilsenstein's crest!
I peeped at the owl as she sat in her nest,
She blinked and she glared, and she winked and she stared!

VOICE.

Oh, go to Hell!
Why ridest thou so hard?

VOICE.

Me with her beak she well-nigh flayed,
Only see the wounds she made!

WITCHES' CHORUS.

The way is broad, the way is long,
What a raving bedlam throng!
The fork sticks deep, the broom will sweep,
Stifle the child, the mother goes wild.

WIZARDS. SEMICHORUS I.

Into the house like snails we crawl,
Before us keep the women all;
For the way to the evil house to find,
A thousand steps' start has womankind.

SEMICHORUS II.

We do not that so closely take,
Woman a thousand steps may make;
But let her haste as best she can,
In one spring 'tis done by the man.

VOICE *above*.

Come with us, come with us, from Felsensee!*

VOICE *from below*.

We would mount with you willingly;
We are washing, and stark naked are we,
But barren to all eternity.

BOTH CHORUSES.

The winds are still, the starlight fails,
Her face the dim morn gladly veils;
The elfin chorus, revelling,
Thousands of sparks around doth fling.

* *Felsensee*, a lake in the Harz gebirge.

VOICE *from below.*

Stay! stay!

VOICE *from above.*

Who from the clefts of the rocks doth pray?

VOICE *below.*

Take me with ye! Take me with ye!
Already three hundred years in vain
I am climbing, and cannot the summit gain.
With my own kind I long to be.

BOTH CHORUSES.

The broom will bear, the stick will bear,
The fork will bear, the goat will bear;
Who cannot raise himself to-day
Is a lost man for ever and aye.

DEMI-WITCH.

For ever so long I have tottered on;
How far the others already are gone!
No rest at all have I at home,
Neither here can at it come.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

By the ointment the witch is with courage endued;

Any trumpery rag for a sail is good;
A capital boat any tub will supply;
Who flies not to-night, never, never will fly!

BOTH CHORUSES.

When we have flitted the summit round,
Then let us settle on the ground,
And cover the moorland, far and free,
With all your swarm of witchery.

[*They descend.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There is crowding and jostling, slipping and clattering!
There is whizzing and whirling, and tugging and chattering!
Glare, sparkling, stinking, burning blent!
A real witch's element!
But keep close to me, lest we part, — take care!
Where art thou?

FAUST, *in the distance.*

Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What! whirled already there?

I my authority into use must bring.
Room! Yunker Voland* comes. Room! Room!
Oh people sweet!
Here, doctor, here! take hold, and at one spring,
Let us from this thronging mob retreat;
It is too mad even for the like of me.
Close by there something shines with a peculiar glare,
Something attracts me towards that shrubbery;
Come, come along! and let us slip in there.

FAUST.

Thou Spirit of Contradiction!† Yet, lead on!
I think, indeed, this is right wisely done;
We seek the Brocken on Walpurgis night,
By choice ourselves in solitude to bury.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Only look there, what flames are burning bright!
Round them is gathered an assembly merry;
In a small party one is ne'er alone.

FAUST.

But I would rather up there yonder be!

* *Junker Voland* is another name for the Devil.

† *Widerspruchgeist*, means a person who has acquired the habit of contradicting everything.

Where the fire and the whirling smoke I see;
Many a problem there must be made plain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And many a problem tangled there again.
Let but the great world riot on,
Here in quiet we our rest will take;
For many years the practice hath been known,
From forth the great world little worlds to make.
I see there young witches, naked and bare,
And old ones, that prudently drapery wear;
Be friendly for once, if 'twere but for my sake,
The trouble is little, the pleasure immense.
Hark to the sound of the instruments!
Cursed jingle! but still one must use oneself to it;
Come with me! we cannot otherwise do it.
I go in, and make your presentation,
And lay you under a fresh obligation.
Here is no space confined; what sayest thou to it, friend?
Look down it, scarcely canst thou see the end.
In rows, a hundred fires are glancing,
What cooking, chattering, drinking, dancing,
And making love, go on all round;
Say where aught better can be found?

FAUST.

Intendest thou, to introduce us here,
As wizard or devil thyself to appear?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Though much accustomed to incognito,
On gala days doth one one's orders shew;
True, with no garter am I decorated,
But here the horse's hoof is highly rated.
Behold that snail there, crawling on the ground,
Already with her feelers she has found
Something particular in me. If I
Wished it, I could not *here* myself deny.
But come, from fire to fire we'll wander now;
The go-between* am I, the suitor thou.

[*to some who are sitting over some embers.*

Old friends, what do ye at the meeting's skirt?
I should have praised ye, had I ye but found
Right in the thick, with youthful riot begirt;
At home for all doth solitude abound.

GENERAL.

Who would his faith to nations bind?

* The '*werber*' is the person who demands a woman in marriage on behalf of another, who is called the '*Freier*.'

How muchsoe'er one may for them have done,
'Tis with the people as with womankind,
That youth doth evermore the best get on.

MINISTER.

From things as they should be we are far away;
The good old times, those are the times I praise,
When truly we had things all our own way;
Ay, those, indeed, were proper golden days.

PARVENU.

And, in good truth, no fools were we,
Though sometimes what we should not do, we did;
But now things spin around us whirlingly,
That we to stay unmoved would gladly bid.

AUTHOR.

Who above all things now a work would read,
Containing even a moderate share of sense!
And as concerns the dear young folks, indeed,
They never yet shewed such pert insolence.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *who suddenly appears very old.*

The people seem ripe for the end of all time,
Sure, for the last time the witch mountain I climb;

And the whole world appears to be upon
The turn, since my own cask doth thick and turbid run.

PEDLAR WITCH.

Gentlemen, do not so pass by;
Lose not this opportunity;
My stock in trade look closely o'er.
Here are wares of every kind;
Yet is there nothing in my store
Its like on earth that cannot find,
That has not once some serious harm
Brought on the earth and on mankind.
No dirk, whence hath not flowed the life-blood warm;
No goblet, whence into a healthy frame
Hath parching, withering poison not been poured;
No ornament, that hath not brought to shame
Some woman, amiable before; no sword
But, faithlessly some treaty broken through,
Has stabbed the adversary from behind.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cousin, to the temper of the times you are blind!
What's past is gone! what's done is done!
Supply yourself but with things that are new,
By novelties alone can we be won.

FAUST.

May this whirl but my reason spare,
This I may call, indeed, a fair.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The whole mob gathering, strives to soar above;
Most are you shoved when most you think to shove.

FAUST.

Who then is that?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Observe her carefully;
'Tis Lilith.

FAUST.

Who?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Adam's first wife was she.

* "*Lilith*, the Rabbins say, was Adam's first wife. . . . . Some Jewish doctors are of opinion, that Lilith is the moon, the influence whereof might be beneficial or hurtful to new-born children, herein intimating the superstition of the heathen, who invoked the goddess Lucina, or the moon, when women were in labour. We are of opinion that this signifies a bird of night, or ill-omen, such as the screech-owl, the bat, and the lap-wing."

CALMET'S *Dictionary of the Bible.*

Beware thee ever of her beauteous hair,
Whose rare loveliness she doth display;
When a young man with it she doth ensnare,
Not lightly lets she him again away.

FAUST.

There sit a couple of them, old and young,
And many a glorious caper have they flung.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There is no pause to-day; see how anew
They are beginning: come, let us fall to.

FAUST, *dancing with the young one.*

Once a fair dream came to me;
An apple tree before my sight,
On it two apples glittered bright;
They charmed me, and I climbed the tree.

THE FAIR WITCH.

Since for apples so much you care,
And since Eden have done so,
Pleasure in my breast doth glow,
That such my garden too doth bear.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *unto the old one.*

Once a fair dream came to me,
Once I saw a rifted tree.

* * * * *
* * * * *

THE OLD ONE.

With all my heart I do salute,
The Knight that bears the horse's foot.

* * * * *
* * * * *

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.*

Accursed mob! how dare ye thus go on?
Did we not long since solid proof advance,
That ordinary feet no ghost stands on?
Yet like us mortals now indeed ye dance!

FAIR WITCH, *dancing.*

What doth he at our ball, then, here?

FAUST, *dancing.*

Oh, he doth everywhere appear.

* *Proctophantasmist*, this person represents Nicolai of Berlin, the severity of whose criticisms had given offence to Goethe.

He must appraise the steps that others dance;
And if that each step down he cannot run,
The step might just as well have not been done.
What most torments him, is, when we advance.
In an eternal round he wishes all to spin,
As he too doth his dull old mill within.
That would his heartiest approval meet,
Specially if his help to it you did entreat.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

What! still here? No, that is too bad, indeed!
Do disappear. Have we not made all clear?
But this infernal pack no rules doth heed.
We are so wise, and yet in Tegel* ghosts appear.
To sweep these follies out, I've toiled for many a year,
Yet have not done so yet. It is too bad, indeed!

FAIR WITCH.

Then leave off boring us. Away, away.

* *Tegel* is a small place near Berlin. In 1797, the house of a Mr. Schulze, at Tegel, was said to be disturbed by a spectre; and though Nicolai fancied that he had cured the whole nation of superstition, yet a deputation of the inhabitants was twice sent to ascertain the nature of the spectre.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

Ghosts, to your faces openly I declare,
That spirit despotism I will not bear.
My spirit cannot exercise its sway.
[*they dance on.*
To-day I see I shall no progress make,
Still am prepared my journey to pursue;
And hope, before the latest step I take,
The devil and the poet to subdue.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At once himself he in a pond will seat,
That is the way he takes his heart to cheer
And when the leeches fasten on his rear
Of spirits and spirit is his cure complete.
[*to Faust, who has left the dance.*
Why lettest thou that lovely girl away,
That to thee in the dance so sweetly sang?

FAUST.

Alas! just in the middle of her lay,
A red mouse forth from out her mouth there sprang.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All right! We're not here so particular.
It was enough that the mouse was not grey;
Who cares for such things in our hours of play?

FAUST.

Then saw I—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

FAUST.

Mephisto, seest thou there
A pale, fair girl, alone, and far away?
She drags herself along so sad and slow,
And then with shackled feet appears to go.
I must confess the thought my mind doth strike,
It is to my poor Margaret very like.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Leave it alone. It hath wrought good to none,
A phantom,—lifeless,—a mere shape alone;*
And to encounter it is never good.
With its fixed gaze it freezes mortal's blood,
Until it almost turns them into stone.
Medusa's story sure to you is known.

FAUST.

In very truth a corpse's eyes are those,
Whose lids no loving hand was near to close;

* *Idol*, not a thing to be worshipped, but *eidolon*, a thing seen, and only seen.

That is the breast that Margaret yielded me,
That the sweet form that I so gloated on.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou easily deluded fool! 'tis sorcery;
This seems to be his Love to every one.

FAUST.

What a delight! and yet what agony!
I cannot tear me from its glance away.
And yet that lovely neck; how curiously
Doth it one narrow, crimson stripe display;
No breadth more than a knife's back doth it fill.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis very true, I see it also so;
Under her arm she carries it at will.
Perseus cut it off for her long ago.
For ever what a craving for delusion!
Up the hill here come away,
Where all is even as in the Prater* gay.
And if my brains are not in some confusion,
I see a theatre quite plain.
What's going on?

SERVIBILIS.

They'll just begin again.

* The *Prater*, the Hyde Park of Vienna.

'Tis a new piece, 'tis the last piece of seven,
That is the number now is always given.
An amateur has written all;
And amateurs take every part.
Your pardon, gentlemen, if I depart,
As amateur, the curtain up to haul.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of finding you on the Blocksberg, I approve,
It is the true circle in which you should move.

WALPURGIS NIGHT'S DREAM,

OR

OBERON AND TITANIA'S

GOLDEN WEDDING FEAST.

INTERMEZZO.

WALPURGIS NIGHT'S DREAM.

MANAGER.

Holiday to-day for once
For us, Mieding's* gallant sons;
Dewy vale and ancient hill,
Now is all the stage we fill.

HERALD.

Fifty† years must all be passed,
That the Feast may Golden be;
Now the quarrel's o'er at last,
It makes it far more dear to me.

OBERON.

Spirits that about me soar,
Be your airy forms displayed,

* *Mieding* was scene painter to the theatre of Weimar, of which Goethe's son was for a long time manager, (a government situation, the theatre being the property of the Grand Duke.)

† The fiftieth anniversary of the wedding is called in Germany the 'golden wedding,' the twenty-fifth the 'silver.'

For your king and queen once more,
All their quarrels up have made.

PUCK.

Here comes Puck, and spins about,
His feet whisking in the dance,
After him a swarming rout,
All to share his joy advance.

ARIEL.

Song awakes in Ariel's voice,
In sweet tones of heaven pure ;
Many trifles it decoys,
Fair ones, too, doth it allure.

OBERON.

Wedded ones, that would agree,
Take the lessons we two give ;
If a pair would loving be,
Needs apart awhile they live.

TITANIA.

Husband sulks! and pouts the fair!
Seize them both and take them forth ;
To the South the lady bear,
And the husband to the North.

ORCHESTRA TUTTI.

Fortissimo.

Snout of fly and midges' nose,
With their friends and family,
Frogs and grasshoppers compose
Our orchestral company.

SOLO.

Here the bagpipe, like unto
Bubble that of soap one blows;
Schnek, schnik, schnak! but listen to
Droning through his stumpy nose.

SPIRIT THAT IS FASHIONING ITSELF.

Spider's claw and toad's paunch take,
Little wings for little wight,
Though a creature 'twill not make,
A little poem makes it quite.

A PAIR.

Little step and lofty bound,
Through the mist and through the vapours,
You trip it featly on the ground,
But mount not air for all your capers.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

Masquerading mummery!
Shall I trust my sight,

Oberon the fair to see,
Here, indeed, to-night?

ORTHODOX.

Here no claws, no tail we see,
Yet it must be true;
Like unto the gods of Greece,*
He's a devil too.

* This does not refer to the '*Gotter Griechenlands*' of Schiller, which, far from attributing any diabolical character to those personages, pathetically bewails their departure from the earth, which he calls 'ungodded' by their withdrawal. It refers to the opinion set forth in Paradise Lost, that the heathen divinities were really devils, permitted to remain, and in some degree rule on the earth, until the appearance of the Redeemer.

Milton thus gives the roll of the diabolical hierarchy alluded to.

The rest were long to tell, though far renowned,
The Ionian gods of Javan's issue; held
Gods, yet confessed later than Heaven and Earth,
Their boasted parents; Titan, Heaven's first-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright seized
By younger Saturn: he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
So Jove usurping reigned: there first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top

NORTHERN ARTIST.

All that I can seize to-night,
Truly is but sketchingly;
Soon I hold myself bedight,
For my tour in Italy.

PURIST.

My ill fortune brought me here.
Ah! what low debauchery!
Of all the witches that appear,
Only two should powdered be.

YOUNG WITCH.

Powder, like a petticoat,
Does for women old and grey;
Whence I sit naked on my goat,
And a lusty frame display.

Of cold Olympus, ruled the middle air,
Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, or through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old,
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost isles.

MATRON.

We are too well bred by far,
Here to get into a fray,
Young and tender as ye are,
Soon I hope ye'll rot away.

CAPELL MEISTER.

Nose of fly and midges' snout,
Round the naked don't collect;
Frogs and grasshoppers look out
That ye keep the time correct.

WEATHERCOCK—*at one side.*

People! all one could wish for!
Truly none but brides there be!
And many a gay young bachelor!
A most hopeful company!

WEATHERCOCK—*at the other side.*

If earth does not open wide
All to swallow in a lump,
Then I, with a ready stride,
Into Hell at once will jump.

XENIEN.*

Like to insects here we are;
With sharp and tiny beaks do we,
Give Satan, our revered papa,
Honour due his dignity.

HENNINGS.†

See, in crowded heaps how they
With one another jest;
In the end they sure will say
Their hearts were of the best.

MUSAGET.

'Tis pleasant in this witches' throng,
When oneself one loses;
I know how to lead *them* along,
Far easier than Muses.

A DEVOUT GENIUS OF THE TIME.

With good folks one for some one passes.
Come, hold my skirt, by me be led!

* The *Xenien* were philosophic epigrams, very sharp and satirical, published by Goethe and Schiller.

† *Hennings* was the editor of journals called the Spirit of the Age and the Musaget.

The Blocksberg, Germany's Parnassus,
Has a summit wide outspread.

CURIOUS TRAVELLER.

Tell me, what call they that stiff man?
With proud and haughty steps he goes,
He sniffs at all that sniff he can,
For Jesuits he has a nose.

CRANE.

In clear waters willingly
Fish I, and in troubled too;
So, see you, men of piety
With the devil have to do.

WORLDLING.

With the pious, believe in me,
Every thing's a vehicle;
Here they on the Blocksberg, see,
Build many a conventicle.

DANCER.

Here is a new chorus coming,
I can make out distant drumming;
But, fear not! in the reeds 'twill be
The bittern's boom in harmony.

DANCING MASTER.

How each one throws his legs about,
Each getting on as best he may;
The crooked jumps, and jumps the stout,
And nought of how it looks ask they.

FIDDLER.

This ruffian pack hate one another,
Each gladly would destroy her brother;
The pipe doth them together hold,
As Orpheus' lyre the beasts of old.

DOGMATIC.

My views admit no wandering,
Or sceptical or critical;
The devil, indeed, must be something,
Else how could devils be at all.

IDEALIST.

In my mind, the fantastical
Hath far too lordly rule;
If I indeed should be the all,
To-day I am a fool.

REALIST.

Being plagues me exceedingly,
And must torment me horridly;

Here for the first time stand I
On my feet not steadily.

SUPERNATURALIST.

The scene I with much pleasure view,
And in this people much delight;
From devils I conclusions true,
About good spirits, can draw aright.

SCEPTIC.*

The flames they follow, close upon
Its trace, and think the treasure near;
Devil and cavil† rhyme alone,
At the right spot am I here.

CAPELL MEISTER.

Grasshoppers and bull frogs, those
Accursed amateurs,
Snout of fly and midges' nose,
The orchestra is yours.

* Dogmatic, Idealist, Realist, Supernaturalist, Sceptic, are the representatives of Theological schools.

† *Auf Teufel reimt der Zweifel nur*, literally, 'Only Doubt rhymes to Devil.'

CLEVER ONES.

Sansouci, they christen so
The roaring host of jolly blades;
No more upon our feet we go,
And so we walk upon our heads.

CLUMSY ONES.

Many a bit we spunged of yore,
But all that is passed and gone;
Our shoes in dancing we outwore,
Now on naked soles we run.

WILDFIRES.

From the bog do we advance,
Whence we first have sprung;
Here see us gallants in the dance,
The gayest of the throng.

FALLING STAR.

I shot from the heaven afar,
In fiery glory of a star;
Here long in the grass have lain,
Who will help me up again.

* *Gott befohlen*, recommended to God, *i. e.* bid adieu to.

THE MASSIVE ONES.

Room, room, and roundabout,
Down the grass it bears;
Spirits are coming, spirits stout,
Right plump limbs are theirs.

PUCK.

Do not tread so heavily,
Like young elephants;
To be the stoutest this day of joy,
The sturdy Puck himself presents.

ARIEL.

If nature, loving, bright, and gay,
If the spirit wings bestows,
Follow my light track to-day,
To where blows the mountain rose.

ORCHESTRA.

Pianissimo.

Drifting clouds and vapours white,
Burst above us into light;
Breeze in leaves, and winds that hover
O'er the rushes. All is over!

GLOOMY DAY.—FIELD.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

In wretchedness!—despairing!—long wandering miserably about the world—and now a prisoner! The affectionate, unhappy creature, shut up in a dungeon, as an evil-doer, for hideous tortures! To this! this!—Treacherous—worthless Spirit! and thou hast concealed it from me! Stay, only stay! Roll thine hellish eyes, in thy rancour! Stay and insult me with thine unbearable presence! A prisoner!—in irreparable misery! Given over to evil spirits, and to condemning, unfeeling men! And whilst thou wert lulling me in tasteless dissipations, thou concealedst from me her accumulating misery, and let her perish without help.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is not the first!

FAUST.

Hound! detestable monster! Change him, Oh Eternal Spirit! change the worm into his dog-like form, in which it used to be his pleasure often at night-fall to run round me, to roll before the feet of the harmless wanderer, and to fasten on his shoulders when he stumbled over him. Change him again into his darling shape, that he may crawl before me in the dust on his belly, that I may trample on him, the outcast! Not the first! Misery!—Misery!—incomprehensible to the soul of man, that more than one creature sank into the depths of this wretchedness, or that the first, in the writhings of her deadly agony, should not have atoned for the sins of all the rest, in the eyes of Him that pardoneth ever! The misery of this one curdles my blood,—thou grinnest coolly over the fate of thousands!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here we are again at our wit's end. So is it with you mortals, when your overstrained faculties snap. Why mate ye yourselves with such as us, if ye cannot go through with it? Wilt fly, yet art subject to giddiness? Did we force ourselves upon thee, or thou upon us?

FAUST.

Gnash not thy ravenous teeth so at me! I abominate thee! Oh thou great, glorious Spirit, that didst vouchsafe to appear to me, that knowest my heart and soul, why fetter me to this vile companion that delights in evil, and revels in ruin?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Art thou done?

FAUST.

Save her! or woe to thee! the curse of curses on thee for thousands of years!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot loose the bonds of the avenger,—I cannot withdraw her bolts. Save her! Who was it plunged her into perdition? I or thou?

FAUST *looks wildly about.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Graspest thou at the thunder? It is well for ye, wretched mortals that it is not granted ye! To crush him who is an innocent obstacle, such is the practice of all tyrants to clear a way through all perplexities.

FAUST.

Bring me to her! She shall be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the danger to which thou exposest thyself! Know the guilt of blood from thy hand yet lies upon the town. Over the fatal spot hover avenging spirits, on the stoop for the returning murderer.

FAUST.

That from thee? Murder and death of a world upon thee, thou monster! Bring me thither I say, and free her!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will conduct you there! and to what I can do, listen! Have I all power in Heaven and on earth? I will cloud the gaoler's senses; do thou seize the keys, and bring her out with the hand of man. I keep watch! the goblin steeds are ready; I will carry you off. That can I do.

FAUST.

Up and away!

NIGHT.—OPEN PLAIN.

FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES, *careering by on black horses.*

FAUST.

What are they busy at there on the scaffold?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Don't know what they're boiling and brewing.

FAUST.

They soar, they swoop, they bend, they bow.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A pack of witches.

FAUST.

They are strewing something, conjuring.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Forward! Forward!

DUNGEON.

FAUST, *with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron door.*

A trembling, long unknown, doth on me fall,
All mankind's misery fastens on my breast;
Here dwelleth she within this damp, drear wall,
A kind delusion, all that she transgressed!
From going to her dost thou quail!
At seeing her thy heart doth fail!
On! on! thy dalliance dallieth with death.*
[*He takes hold of the lock—singing is heard within.*
My mother the harlot,
Poor me that slew;
My father the varlet
That ate me too;

* *Zoegern* means to delay, falter. Thy irresolution will be the cause of Margaret's death, which is approaching, if thou dost not act.

My sister dear, so young and small,
Took the bones up, one and all,
To a cool place, where I came to be
A bird of the greenwood, fair and free.
Fly away! Fly away!

FAUST—*unlocking.*

Nought deemeth she, her lover's anxious ear
The clanking chain, the rustling straw can hear!
[*He enters.*

MARGARET, *hiding herself in the litter.*

Woe! woe! they come. Oh, death of bitterness!

FAUST, *whispering.*

Be still! be still! to free thee I am here.

MARGARET, *grovelling before him.*

Art thou a man? oh, pity my distress!

FAUST.

Thou'lt wake the jailor, if thy cries he hear!
[*He takes hold of the chains to unlock them.*

MARGARET, *on her knees.*

Who, hangman, ever gave to thee the right
Me to entreat so rough?

Already takest thou me? 'tis but midnight!
Be pitiful! Oh, let me live till day!
Is not the morning, early, soon enough?
[*She stands up.*
And yet so young, so young am I!
And must already die!
Fair was I, too, and that was my undoing.
Near was my love, now he is far away;
My chaplet torn, the flowers the ground bestrewing.
Seize me not so savagely!
Spare me! what have I done to thee?
Let me not all in vain implore;
I never saw thee all my life before!

FAUST.

Oh, how shall I support this agony?

MARGARET.

Entirely within thy power am I.
But first, oh, let me give the child the breast!
The livelong night it to my heart I pressed.
They took it from me but to give me pain,
And then they say that it by me was slain;
And never will my heart be light again.
Then they sing songs about me! 'Tis not well

Of them! an old tale ends so. Who did tell
The people it was meant for me?

FAUST *flings himself down.*

A lover lieth at thy feet, to free
Thee from this servitude of misery!

MARGARET.

Yes, kneel we and the saints implore!
Look! beneath the stair,
Beneath the threshold of the door,
Hell is boiling there!
And the Evil One within,
In hideous frenzy makes a frantic din!

FAUST—*aloud.*

Margaret! Margaret!

MARGARET—*with sudden attention.*

That was my love's voice. Where is he?
[*She springs up, the chains fall off.*
I heard him call me. I am free.
None shall prevent me; I will fly
Unto his neck, upon his bosom lie!
He called upon Margaret! he stood in the door!
And still through the howling and clatter of Hell,

Through the fierce diabolical scoffing, once more
The sweet, loving accents I knew, oh, how well!

FAUST.

'Tis I!

MARGARET—*embracing him.*

'Tis thou! 'Tis thou! Oh, say it once again
'Tis he! 'Tis he! where is all misery?
Where is the dungeon agony? the chain?
'Tis thou! And thou art come to rescue me!
And I am saved!
Already there, I see the street
Where thou and I did for the first time meet;
And the cheerful garden see,
Where I and Martha waited, love, for thee!

FAUST—*forcing her out.*

Come with me! Come with me!

MARGARET.

Oh, stay!
I linger so gladly, wherever thou art.
[*Caressing.*

FAUST.

Haste to depart!
If thou speedest not away,
We surely a dire retribution must pay.

MARGARET.

What! canst thou kiss no more again?
My love, so short a time away, and yet
Dost thou already how to kiss forget?
Why feel I on thy neck unwonted pain?
In days gone by, at thy word, at thy glance,
A perfect heaven would my soul entrance;
Thy kisses, then, would well nigh stifle me.
Kiss me!
Else I kiss thee! [*She embraces him.*

Ah me! thy lips are cold,
Of speech bereft,
And all thy love of old,
Where is it left?
Who took it from me away?
[*She turns away from him.*

FAUST.

Come! dearest! follow—be a little bold!
I'll press thee to my heart with ardour thousand fold:
But only follow me! 'Tis all I pray!

MARGARET.

And is it thee? and is it surely thee?

FAUST.

'Tis I; come with me.

MARGARET.

Thou hast unbound my chain,
And to thy bosom claspest me again.
How comes it that thou shrinkest not from me?
And knowest thou, love, *whom* thou makest free?

FAUST.

Come! come! already doth the deep night wane.

MARGARET.

My mother I to death have done,
I have drowned my little one.
Was it not given to thee and me?
Thee, too! I scarce can believe that this is thee!
Give me thy hand! It is no dream!
Thy darling hand! But how moist doth it feel!
Wipe it away! to me thy hand doth seem
As blood did it bedew.
Oh, God! what hast thou done!

Put up thy sword, I pray;
I pray thee, do!

FAUST.

Let but the past be past and gone.
Thou killest me!

MARGARET.

No, thou must all outlive;
The graves' description I to thee will give;
Them to prepare thy care must be
At break of day.
Give the best place to my mother,
Close unto her lay my brother.
Me on one side you must lay,
Only not too far away!
The little one on my right breast,
No one else with me will rest!
Ah, to nestle to thy side,
'Twas a sweet, a dear delight!
Never more will that betide;
I feel as if resistless might
Drew me towards thee, yet in vain
Thou thrustest me from thee back again;
And yet 'tis thee, thou lookest so good, so kind.

FAUST.

If thou dost feel 'tis me, oh, come!

MARGARET.

What! out there?

FAUST.

Into the open air.

MARGARET.

There my grave to find.
Doth death lurk there? Then come!
From here unto the bed of rest eternal,
And not one single step beside.
Thou goest forth!
Oh! Henry, could I go forth at thy side?

FAUST.

Thou canst! determine only! open stands the door!

MARGARET.

I dare not go. For me is hope no more;
What use were flight? they still would ever watch me.
It is so wretched charity to implore,
And with an evil conscience evermore!
It is so sad strange lands to wander o'er,
And after all they still would surely catch me!

FAUST.

With thee I stay.

MARGARET.

Haste! haste! away!
Save thy poor child!
Away! keep to that way,
Up to the stream,
By the path,
Into the wood,
On the left where the planks are,
In the pond.
Grasp it at once!
It tries to rise.
It struggles yet!
Save it! save it!

FAUST.

Oh, one short moment but collected be!
Take but one step, that instant thou art free!

MARGARET.

Would that we the hill had passed!
There sits my mother on a stone.
My hair doth stand on end aghast!
There sits my mother on a stone.

Backwards and forwards her head she sways.
She winks not, she nods not; how heavy it weighs.
She slept so long, she never did wake.
She slept that we might our pleasure take.
Oh, happy days those were!

FAUST.

Of no avail is speech or prayer;
Away by force I thee will tear.

MARGARET.

Leave me! no violence I will bear!
Seize me not so murderously!
Of old all I could do I did for love of thee.

FAUST.

Day breaks! Dearest! Dearest!

MARGARET.

Day! Yes, day breaks! My last day draweth on;
For my wedding-day 'twas meant!
That thou too well knewest, Margaret, tell to none.
Woe! my chaplet rent!
Now all is o'er!
We shall meet again,
But at the dance no more.

The crowd doth press, and silence deep doth reign.
The square, the street, the mass can scarcely hold;
The death-bell tolls, the wand is snapped in twain.*
How they pinion me, how tight they fold!
Already to the death-chair am I bound.
Already every neck doth shiver,
At the bare sword that for my neck doth quiver.
Stillness as of the grave broods all around!

FAUST.

Oh, would that I never had seen the day!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Up! up! ye are lost else! up and away!
Loitering and chattering! useless delay!
My horses are shivering, and breaking is day!

MARGARET.

What is that that starts up from the floor?
He! He! Oh, send him away!
To the solemn place what comes he for?
Comes he for me?

FAUST.

Love, thou shalt live!

* Alluding to the breaking of the staff of office, the signal to the executioner to do his duty.

MARGARET.

Judgment of God, to thee myself I give!

MEPHISTOPHELES *to Faust.*

Come! else you with her in the toils I leave!

MARGARET.

Thine am I, Father! Oh, my soul receive!
Ye angels, oh, ye holy hosts, assemble
Around me, in my need my shield to be!
Henry! to look on thee, I tremble.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is condemned!

VOICE *from above.*

Is pardoned!

MEPHISTOPHELES *to Faust.*

Here, to me!

[*Vanishes with Faust.*

VOICE *from within, dying away.*

Henry! Henry!

THE END.

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